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"SIDDY"

TUBBY here paints the portrait of one of the earliest and best loved members of Toc H.

I.

SOON after I turned Christian, I gave up trying to teach, and wondered what next to do. Having come to myself, I realised that the true question was not "Is the cause good enough for me?" but "am I good enough for it?" The next job was to be sorry through and through; and this means knowing more about yourself: where you have gone wrong, and where God has most helped to lift your feet out of the mire and clay.

At this stage, Richard Rackham, Priest of the Resurrection, dealt with me drastically. He sat me down to write my own life backwards, going over my memory, shelf after shelf, and record after record, trying to trace sins to their source, and intervening mercies to an invasive love I could not have deserved. This, starting as a literary game, became an agony; and then a kind of gospel with its threads woven right through the wretchedness. I worked at it every night for a month; and when I said I'd finished, he informed me that I had just begun. Next I must take it down into the Abbey and tell it out in utter loneliness to God Almighty. When I felt free, I should be also free to tear the whole thing up. I did this twice at great length, on two nights running. It did not work a bit; and I went back to Rackham with great bitterness and told him I had failed. He then told me that he had thought I would. I told him this was cruel. Nothing could lull to sleep the long procession of impeding spectres which he had made me summon.

To-day, when many forms of auricular confession are practised, not only in churches, but in Harley Street, it is not easy to recapture the rooted animosity with which he knew I should regard his next suggestion. It was that I should go to a good priest and lay open my grief. This I refused to do; and went on fighting until I could fight no longer. He sent me then to Father Trevelyan at Liddon House. And there one autumn night I left my past behind me.

Yet even then I had no certainty of a Vocation, and in the deepest sense still wait for it. There surely are two main types of Vocation. The lesser is a call to serve society as an interpreter of Christ and His Church, to stand amid their lives and circumstances with the open Gospel and the hand of friendship; to go about and do good where one can, keeping oneself from being conformed too readily into the world of welfare, which aims at altering circumstances rather than souls. This was the only Vocation known to me by personal experience at the time; and yet I dared to read it as implying that I should be Ordained.

I therefore took some papers and tried to join the staff of Portsea Vicarage; at that time thronged by an impressive assembly of muscular Christians, most of them with private means, with a shoot of their own beyond Catherington, to which they rode occasionally. Among the seventeen curates, there were five County Cricketers, and others nearly up to the same form. The legend was that the curates of Portsea had a few years earlier played the Australians in an all-day match after their landing at Southampton, and that the team of curates won at a canter. I cannot vouch for this; but the legend itself indicates the kind of men they were.

I, as a poor performer, knew before my arrival that I was not likely to be acceptable. My worst fears were confirmed when I encountered in the train upon my probationary visit to Portsea, the Captain of our College Boats bound as my rival for the one vacancy. We reached Kingston Vicarage for a grisly meal known as high tea. Soon after, Canon Bernard Wilson made short work of me, and told me with the kindest intentions that I need not stop the night. I began sadly to collect my goods, while he retired to his study with the Captain of Boats. As I came out into the hall, however, there burst out up the stairs a hubbub of the most appalling character. The door of the Vicar's study at the head of the stairs flew open, and no less a person than our College idol came hurtling down the stairs. The Vicar stood enraged upon the landing, and thundered down his final objurgations: "You dare try to come here, engaged to be married! You dare try to get on my staff, all the time knowing you are not a free man!"

Then, seeing me rendering first aid to our College hero, he broke out into an imperative: "Come up here, you. You won't be any use to us; and I don't know what the Church thinks it's coming to. But anyhow I'll take you just to teach him. Perhaps you'll lecture to us, or something—that wouldn't do much harm! Come here and let us get it settled up. You're not engaged or anything, are you? All right, come here." And without so much as a good-night to the Christian athlete, whom he had pushed downstairs, Bernard Wilson dragged me into his study and slammed the door.

Once more to-day, when many curates marry even before they have finished their apprenticeship, it may be that the Bernard Wilson standard appears as over-spartan. Yet there it was, and Portsea thrived on it.

All this is but a preface to my theme, which is not autobiographical. Now let the curtain fall while two years pass, during which I was employed by the Church of England at a salary of 7/6 per week, with board and lodging found. I doubt if I was worth my keep and pocket-money.

It must have been in about 1912 that I first met Sidy in Kingston Vicarage. He had dropped in—he did this all his life, and never seemed precisely cognisant of the effective cause which brought him anywhere. The first duty of his host was therefore to cogitate and to explore the likeliest reason for his visitor's arrival. Sidy wanted you to guess; that was the way of him; and if you asked point-blank, it was as likely as not that he would himself have forgotten. He knew all right, he would say, when he left home to come. Why, was it . . .? he would stammer. Why, perhaps . . .—and then his voice would fade into a smile.

If the character of Sherlock Holmes came from an Edinburgh doctor, I like to think that Baroness Orczy must have heard of Sidly before she drew the *Scarlet Pimpernel*. Sidly was none other than Sir Percy Blakeney in his full inanity. I do not claim for him that he was quite Sir Percy in his powers, in his electric aptitudes for tricking Monsieur Chauvelin. I never saw Sidly under such circumstances, and cannot say if he would in a twinkling have substituted pepper for snuff. But wit, height, strength, wealth, courage, were all on board him amply, hidden beneath a deck cargo of shyness and indolence and absurdity. He took some knowing, Sidly.

Meanwhile, when I first saw him in Kingston Vicarage, the Vicar* himself, being a man of action, knew that his wisest course was to pair off his idlest caller with his idlest curate. Let them waste time together, the cause of righteousness would not be a whit impeded. But idleness among the junior clergy is seldom unabashed. I therefore did not greet Sidly, thrust upon me, with any great enthusiasm; nor did I relinquish the roneo machine which I was then engaged on tending. I said, "Come in, sit down." I did not then premise Sidly's utter incapacity for settling in a chair. He stood benignly by me and watched the reeking sheets stream out into the pan. He picked one up and cocked his eye at it—a sleepy, liquid eye, beneath a broad, square forehead fringed with red copper hair. A sensitive, straight nose led down to an inordinate moustache, the points of which drooped and hid a mouth which needed no re-shaping; the chin told plainly of ease with strength behind it. Here was a character.

Sidly had now deciphered the roneoed composition. "Oh, yes, that's what I came for," he murmured. Men who speak indistinctly must tire of being told to repeat themselves. Sidly had made a fine art of indistinctness; and rendered confusion worse by never repeating exactly the sentence he had used. He now remarked: "That's what I should have told the Vicar. I came to talk it over." I was not in my bath like Archimedes, but truth now flashed upon me. "Are you," I said, "the man who is responsible for having our Sunday Schools over the hill to-morrow in your park?" "Yes, I think I must be," Sidly replied. Then, "It's simply heaven just now; but there's the usual worry, shall we all get to heaven? Is it all right?" He spoke quite anxiously. "All right," I said, "it's more than that, a lot. Five thousand children take a dozen trains, and platforms are not railed round like cattle pens. What we really want to-morrow is the good French platform system—herd them behind a gate, and then let them go." Sidly assented, still more inaudibly, as if overawed by my Continental parallel. I found out slowly during the next few years that he had travelled like a wandering star in Russia, Poland, Turkey; Europe was elementary to him! But my remark rendered him almost deferential. So I continued blindly, "Well, anyhow, we'll hope to get to you. It is tremendously good of you to have us in the park. We'll try and not do damage. I'm in no way responsible! The Senior Curate is C.-in-C. of the Sunday Schools; he has got the whole thing by the short hair already." "Let me put down his name," said Sidly, "in case I should forget it. I've got a dreadful memory. I have got some paper here."

* Bernard Wilson had by now killed himself by overwork. Cyril Garbett, now Bishop of Winchester, succeeded him, having been Senior Curate.

He then produced a pocketful of miscellaneous papers, felt for a silver pencil case, selected a long document from among the dismembered letters flanked by an Eton Chronicle and a New College circular. He got all ready to write; but then looked curiously at the long document, opened it, and exclaimed: "No, this is what I came for! I wanted the Vicar's views on this. I wrote it yesterday. It's an attempt at squaring the vicious circle of Pope v. Puritan." Here his voice died away into a gnat-like murmur.

I seized the paper from him, hoping to solve the riddle. I failed at once and finally. His writing was as indistinct as his pronunciation, and, as our great friendship grew, I could from time to time conjecture one whole sentence. But the only thing his correspondents could say for certain was that they had heard from him, and he was in —, the postmark and a stamp from Poland or from Turkey did the rest.

The writing was no scrawl. It was attractive, neat, and refined; but no single letter was completed. The pen seemed quickly to tire of designing it, and passed on to the next, like a bee hurrying hitherwards. I have suffered from many men's handwriting, but Siddy's will always stand in a class of its own. There is a legend of Horace Greeley, whose leaders were for twenty years set up by one inspired compositor. Some colleague caught a spider, dipped his legs in the inkpot, and let him loose on a blank sheet of Horace Greeley's paper. The resulting page was then sent down to the compositor, who set it up in type, until he came to one unhappy spot where the spider tried to walk right off the paper, and was pushed back again. The compositor found this difficult, and went up most shamefacedly to Greeley's room—he had by then arrived. Greeley looked at the paper absently. "I beg your pardon, sir," said his faithful interpreter, "but I can't read this word." "Unconstitutional, of course!" said Horace Greeley, and turned back to his writing.

You may have gathered now the sense of baffledom with which I looked from the paper in my hand to Siddy, the beaming author. "I'll leave it with you," he said exultingly—pride was with him unthinkable—"Let's talk it over to-morrow." "What's it about?" I asked. "You'll find out when you read it," said Siddy pleasantly. But when to-morrow came there was no time for parley. Siddy was lost to view in a great crush of children. Never did a Zoo elephant upon Bank Holiday work harder for the pennies of his passengers, but in this case the pennies travelled slum-wards. Next day the Vicar got a cheque which took his breath away. The figure at least was legible.

II.

Five years have now elapsed, and Act Two opens in my experience of Siddy. The scene now set is a farm unpleasantly adjacent to the crossroads at Brielen. The date is something in the spring of 1916; the time of day is breakfast; the actors first discovered are a breakfast-party—reading from left to right—of the redoubtable Major of 141 Heavy Battery, Royal Garrison Artillery, the senior instrumentalist of six emphatic pieces of ordnance—each designed to throw a 60-pounder shell seven miles on any object specified or unspecified. Three junior officers were also present; the

adjutant and two subalterns, one a new acquisition, rather ill-at-ease and consequently clumsy. Another man was apparently a chaplain by profession, by no means ill-at-ease, in actual fact enjoying himself hugely with a sausage, bacon and two fried and sizzling eggs, recently wafted hitherward by the magic hand of Bombardier Hammond. They now reposed upon a stout enamel plate, itself secure upon the Mess-table.

The Mess-table in early life was a barn door, or something of the kind, which, during its transformation, has received much soap and elbow-grease—the surface made perfect with a table-cloth composed of the *Times* newspaper. This reading-matter is sometimes attractive when conversation languishes at meals. The butter-dish, for instance, but half conceals the Births, the marmalade the Marriages; the tea-pot calls attention with a sooty ring, when lifted into action, to prices in *Mincing Lane* or news from *Madagascar*. Meanwhile, the early summer sun is shining very sweetly. A number of small sparrows are singing at their work, attempting to enlarge their vocal register. The barn itself is plainly doing its best to house this gallant company. The walls that still remained were warm red brick; there was no roof to speak of, beyond a net-work of insecure beams, clutching at a few handfuls of thatch. Both gable-ends still stood, owing their strength, perhaps, to two enormous chimneys reared against them. Seven hundred years before, in Southern France, the great gable-ends thus left were known as “Knollys’ Mitre.” This bitter quip was due to the desolation carried on by Sir Robert Knollys and his free companies of English bowmen, who, in the service of the Black Prince, did not desist from harrying the French countryside, even in those few periods when peace was the official attitude between the Channel neighbours.

In 1916, the history of the British campaigns in Flanders leapt into life among us, for there had recently arrived at Second Army Headquarters a history lecturer named Professor Adkins. His lectures pleased us greatly, for we became aware that it had been the habit of our race to arrive in Flanders at the beginning of almost every century, for the sole purpose of turning someone out who had no business there. He told us all to say, when up against it: “Why, here we are again!”—the old phrase of the clown.

So here we were at breakfast within this new Knollys Mitre, while round about the farm the cheerful staff of Battery Headquarters, together with two gun-teams, were placidly proceeding with their duties. At this point I must beg the reader’s pardon for mentioning an occurrence which gives the atmosphere too perfectly to be discarded upon grounds of propriety. It will be remembered by students of the *Apocrypha* that the prophet Tobit was cured of blindness by a drop of lime descending from a bird.

When the curtain goes up upon our breakfast scene, the first thing to occur is simply this: the place of Tobit’s eye is taken by the fried egg about to be consumed by the shy subaltern next door to the chaplain. The subaltern starts back in horror and amazement. His chair is an empty ammunition box—not adapted to staccato movements. The crisis is accompanied by merriment, in which the bombardier begins to join, then suddenly remembers that even facial freedom is forbidden to good soldiers. By a miracle of self-restraint his countenance again becomes impassive; he

whips away the plate, the subaltern confusedly restores the ammunition-box to its place, and the calm voice which the Major keeps in reserve for periods of crisis, says suavely: "I rather think, Lieutenant Hopkinson, that your first duty in the new Battery you have joined must now be to erect a 'sparrow-pluic!'" I really heard this said on this occasion. The Major, bless his gallant heart, had this most rare capacity for being witty when the circumstances were worthy of his steel. For the most part, we think of things like this—if we think of them at all—ten minutes too late, and wit which functions slowly is in vain. The French have a delightful phrase: "*l'esprit d'escalier*," by which they indicate the joke which would have been appropriate, had it but come to hand during the recent interview.

I cannot now remember what came next, but the whole atmosphere of that celestial breakfast still remains with me. I had reached the Battery, on my weekly visit, the night before from Talbot House in Poperinghe. I had brought up with me the Pathoscope, with a new film of Charlie Chaplin's exploits, featuring his single-handed capture of the Kaiser. This finished, we had had our family prayers and then turned in, and in the early morning held Communion.

The two big pieces in the hedge had not been called upon during the previous night to answer any S.O.S., or to indulge in counter-battery work. Nights so peaceable were rare indeed; but even so the neighbourhood had not been without incident, for, during the night, salvos of hostile fire had fallen—as they habitually did—upon the Brielen crossroads across the field, and the long line of transport toiling up through the dark had suffered, as it nearly always did. But we had been immune, and were now rested and ready to resume activity.

Now let the gentle reader prepare his mind for the next happening. We cannot introduce it in print, as on the stage, with andante music which betokens the arrival of the principal character; but here is Siddy, also uniformed as a Major of the Royal Garrison Artillery—a trifle leaner and a trifle older than when I had seen him last as a country squire. His presence was not wholly unexpected, in that I knew he was in the habit of moving round and calling on his friends. This habit had indeed become a matter of debate among his fellow-majors, and he himself an object of some anxiety. The Army on active service allows some elasticity to officers of Field rank, but very few of them indeed would have behaved like Siddy. He had come out, so I had been informed, as Captain in a Territorial Battery, and when he became their Major he decided that 60-pounder guns were but one item in the orchestra, and that he would like to pass the time of day with every kind of unit in the field. The ethics underlying this behaviour were never put in words, beyond some murmur that he was "going up to see how So-and-so was getting on," or simply "to have a look at the old War." This nomadic propensity landed him, more often than not, among the infantry. It says a lot for everyone's good temper, and for the indubitably British atmosphere which he exhaled, that he was not arrested as a spy. Behold his figure, therefore, lounging across the field towards our Knollys Mitre Inn and any entertainment we could offer, his liquid eyes half-closed, despite the shell-holes, his gingery moustache drooping at either end, his six-foot-two, with the broad shoulders swinging; nothing could be more redolent of ease, and nothing more inconsequent. As he came in, our Major half rose, and

murmured "Siddy—," then, conscious of the impropriety, bade the shy subaltern give up his ammunition-box to Major H. Wherever Siddy came, conversation quickened, as Scrooge's candle-flame leapt up when Marley's ghost arrived. If I remember rightly, the first item was question and answer between the two Majors, our own politely peremptory, and Siddy superbly debonair.

"Where have you left your guns?" Then the slow stammering voice, which took me back to Portsea days at once:

"I left them on the canal bank by Lock 8."

"When did you see them last?"

"Why, yesterday, I think."

"Where have you been since then?"

"Oh, round about; I think I went to see the Sherwood Foresters. I found the Durhams there, they had taken over."

"Where did you spend last night?"

"Last night? Why, let me see—I think I spent last night in No-man's-land; they had a wiring-party out, of course. That wire is rotten stuff, it is full of kinks."

"Have you had any sleep? Do you want breakfast?"

"Oh yes, I had some sleep on the way down, with old Trelawney—he just took me in and gave me something to go on with, thank you, but I don't mind if you insist on breakfast."

This acquiescence had already been anticipated by the bombardier, who now appeared with further eggs and bacon. While Siddy gets outside these comestibles, reference is made by the adjutant to the distressing habit of the enemy in putting salvos on to Brielen Crossroads. Could this be stopped by counter-battery work? Are 'Jerry's' guns located? Has the brigade got any information to impart, or any plan for putting down the nuisance? Our Major is about to put forth his view, when Siddy straightens himself up from the half-crouching posture demanded by the process of his breakfast, and flings a philosophical proposition at his host's head. He enunciates quite clearly these magic words:

"You know, you can't get hit if you will only keep quite horizontal. Fellows are always perpendicular or bending down when they get hit. If you can just lie down, nothing will get you."

Apparently encouraged by this new-found ability to talk without a stammer, he warmed to his subject, saying:

"Look here, I tell you what—I will go back to my battery—" ("Hear-hear," from our Major)—"I'll go back to my battery, and come back here again to-night." (Our Major's approval died away at once). "I'll come again to-night and bring my bed and a cunning little folding hut I have got. I'll put it up by Brielen crossroads and sleep there. I shan't get hit, you will see." Then he immersed himself in his breakfast again.

I spent the day finding the forward sections, and as the twilight came, Pettifer and I returned, leg-weary and in more serious mood, to the Knollys Mitre for another night. It was too late to get right down to Poperinghe. As soon as night came

on, the wheels of early transport began to rumble up the Brielen road. Among the first was a Mess-cart containing Sidy and an odd contraption, which, when unfolded, proved itself to be a highly collapsible form of Armstrong Hut, together with a camp-bed and some blankets. Sidy was in high glee at this excursion. He had the hut unfolded and erected upon a patch of grass a few yards from the danger-point in question. (In 1932 I made a special pilgrimage to Brielen, to find the actual spot. I think I found it in the back-yard of a re-built estaminet).

Meanwhile, the summer sky turned to a darker blue. Night had now come, reluctantly, and there was an hour or more of curious tranquillity, one of those magic periods which no man can forget who once experienced their then significance. We supped, and after a short interval, rolled ourselves in our blankets for what seemed like enough to be another peaceful night. It must have been just before dawn when I woke, almost deafened, for the crash of a big raid was all round us. The Major was already up, and as I found my trench coat and swung my gas-mask into the alert position, our two guns both gave tongue, joining the general chorus. Above the eastern end of the Knollys Mitre, I saw the rockets of the S.O.S. fired from our lines, up by St. Julien. I went out to the guns and watched them firing, seeing the men whom I knew by their names and nicknames, tense at their numbered posts—their faces silhouetted against the rhythmic flame which leapt with each discharge, and died away into a deeper darkness. Then other noises came, each with their serious menace; shells began to fall, first in the field before, then in the field behind. This meant that our two guns were being bracketed; but in an S.O.S. the action-stations must not be left for any kind of shelter. If any heavy gunner reads this sentence, he will, I trust, immediately desist—for he will realise that I am only writing of elementary things for those who are mercifully ignorant, even of such poor elements of knowledge.

I cannot now remember in more detail the progress of that night or early morning, though sometimes I can see within the frame of memory the faces of my friends standing out hard and sharp against the blinding flame, and the quaint background of the sunken hedge. Soon I had more to do than simply watch. Stretchers were called for, and I went with the bearers, with that peculiar sense of heart-break which the very pronunciation of the word "stretcher" still arouses. As the dawn broke into full daylight, I came back to the guns—now slowing down into more sober firing—the S.O.S. had ceased, and the attack had failed. Full day came apace. I caught sight of the Major, and as he caught sight of me, he shrugged his shoulders and said: "Good morning, that's over now, I think—more or less." We walked across the field towards the stretchers. Ten minutes later, he turned to me suddenly:

"What about Sidy? Don't you come with me; I had better go and see—he will be all right." I said: "Please let me come—I would rather know."

We walked across, haggard, unkempt, weary, and saying nothing, with fear in our hearts.

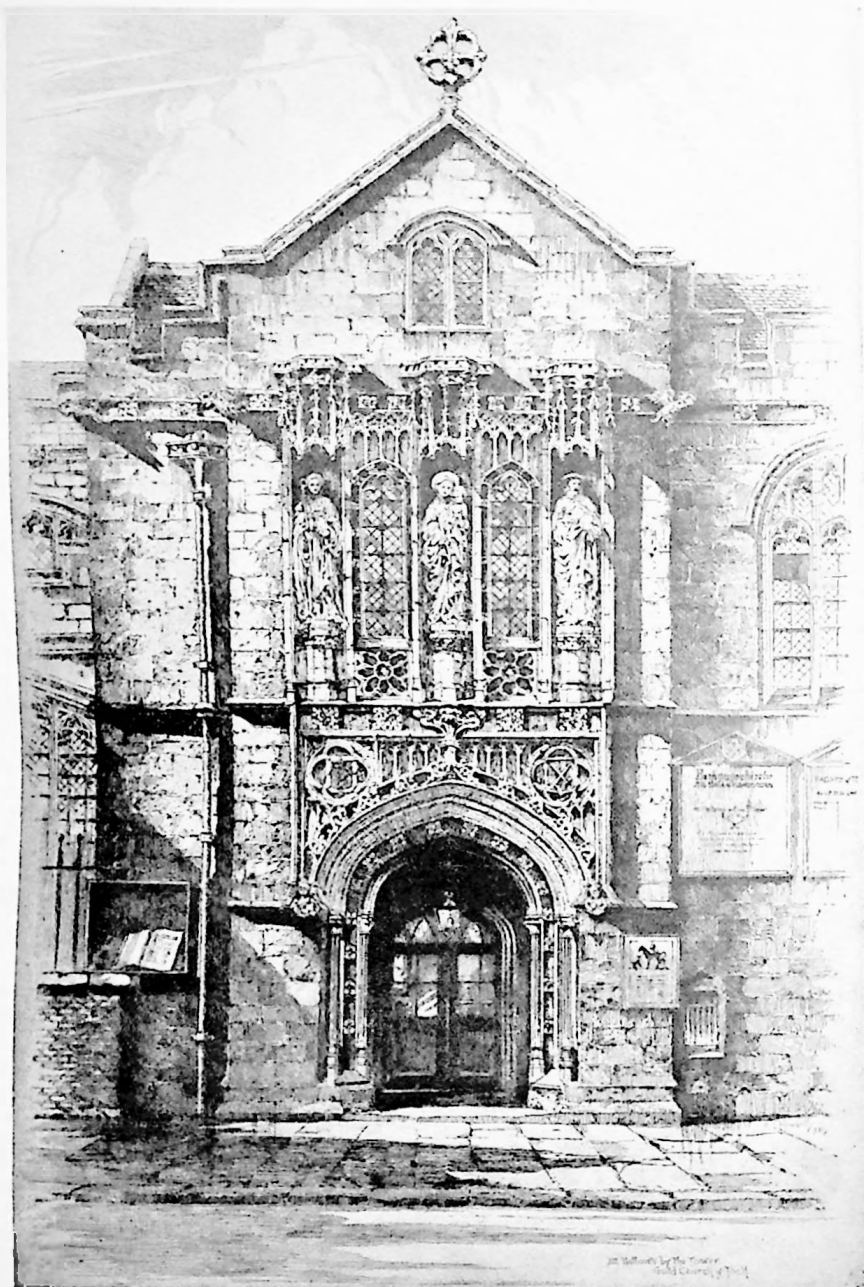
There was the Armstrong hut, or rather what was left of it. The upper part was riddled, the walls torn; the door, still on its hinges, stood half open. The Major pushed it wide, and himself blocked the door-way.

"He isn't there!" I said. The Major answered: "Good God, he *is*!"



"SIDDY."

ETON—NEW COLLEGE—FLANDERS—MARK I AND MARK III—MIRFIELD.
Joined the Elder Brethren, November 28, 1926.



THE NORTH DOOR OF ALL HALLOWS, BERKYNTECHIRCHE.

(From the Etching by Albany E. Howarth, reproduced by courtesy of Gladwell & Co., see page 263).

"SIDDY," who loved All Hallows, was greatly interested in the discovery, in 1926, of the 14th Century Crypt, and himself suggested its dedication as a Chapel of St. Francis (who died in 1226). When "SIDDY" himself passed over, at the end of 1926, his family and friends helped to restore the Crypt in memory of so true a Franciscan spirit.

We then went in together. A figure in its blankets was on the floor. The Major stepped across and bent down to examine Siddy, wounded or dead.

"Where is he hit, I wonder?"

At this stage, the "dead" man opened his eyes, a certain laughter in them, and began conversing in his old drawl:

"Where am I? I remember—didn't I tell you that people who are horizontal don't get hit? When it got very stormy, I rolled off the bed and slept here on the floor."

III.

In the third stage of life, stars are reputed to give off a red glow. The earlier phases are marked by white incandescence, or by blue. Red means the star is cooling, burning itself right out; although a star is like Charles II—unconscionably long a-dying. Those of us who have lived on since the war seem to have somewhat of this character. Each year we glow more faintly in a firmament where younger constellations mock our manners. The oddest feature of life's school is surely that the best boys are expelled so suddenly. If you would die early, live nobly; and you will be likely to achieve your wish. The very fact that I am here writing Siddy's story proves that the man nearest to God dies first. For Siddy was a saint; and if that word is fatal to your further interest, then it is my poor pen which must be guilty. Saints—I have known a few!—saints are delicious people.

Someone told me recently that he was a poor atheist, who had lost his faith in atheism. I shared with him the first sound judgment passed upon myself. It was my nurse who said it very plainly. She said (in the reign of Queen Anne) that I was "a limb," and left it to the milkman to conjecture to whom the limb belonged. For my own part, I cannot stomach the implication of that proverbial phrase. If Satan has his limbs, or if they are in nurseries, I fancy other nurseries I have known contain spare parts of seraphs now and then, however much disguised. When Siddy came on earth, I can but conjecture that his origin was the merrythought of a defunct Archangel.

This chapter must complete our thumbnail sketch of Guy Sydenham—to give him two-thirds of his full name for once. It is unlikely that he will be the subject of an advanced biography; nor will a posthumous portrait be preserved in the National collection. The photograph I have over my bedroom mantelpiece is fading fast, and things concerning him have indeed an end. A charming verse, popular in "In Memoriam" notices, asserts that it is immortality to live on in the fond thoughts of friends. But when the friends themselves pass to their rest—what then? Rather must we imagine that, as with migrant birds, born in a northern clime, the instinct is inherited which guides them to the south on the sole supposition that the sun waits them there, so souls like Siddy's make quiet preparation for a long flight, called before common souls, and beat on tireless pinions to the land where nothing counts but character.

He did not die in War. He died quite recently, and—like all else in him—even his end was a saint's jest, utterly unexpected. Here are the briefest facts, like a bridge of gossamer, pendant across a ten years' interval. His active soldiering sub-

sided in 1917, when he was badly hit—he ought to have been killed—in a front line, two miles beyond his Battery. A light shell blew its way through a galvanised sheet decorated rather than defended by sandbags; and Sidy was beneath it, crouching but not horizontal. The Infantry extricated him, wondering who he was, and sent him down the line in perfect charity with all the world. His guns were taken over by a hard-working Major, whose precision and punctuality soon made itself felt. The Battery Sergeant-Major breathed a sigh of real relief. Under the new regime he now knew where he was. If he yet lives, he cannot have forgotten the occasion when all the solemn pomp of soldierly integrity had been put to flight by Major Sidy's untoward behaviour towards a disreputable prisoner, brought before him for exemplary punishment. The man was an old lag, and a bad hat all round. He had been drunk and incapable of duty on more than one occasion. This prisoner was marched in—off cap—left wheel—stand to attention. The charge was sonorously preferred against him, and it was undisputed. An awkward pause ensued. Sidy, the Major, seemed to be inattentive, half asleep and leaning forward. At last, raising his face from his hands, he said with low distinctness: "Silly old man, don't do it again; dismiss." The story went the rounds, and Generals purpled. The strange thing was, as the Sergeant-Major reluctantly remembered, the prisoner was so taken aback that he reformed.

Now Peace descends, or rather is brewed and decocted. The thaw of Armies sets in rapidly; and the Territorial Heavies, loudly asseverating their claims to be among the first demobilised, get home and soon regret their haste to be civilians. Sidy now laid aside his crutches and the crown upon his shoulder. He haunted half a dozen of his Clubs, called on a host of relatives—some of whom welcomed him—and frequented the Opera. I have not mentioned yet his musical affinities; my own incompetence forbids appreciation. But everyone who knew him well regarded him as a virtuoso in music and in painting. He certainly knew the Galleries of Europe intimately; but the main sign of music was his unblushing habit of humming an air, the last to touch his fancy. He did this as he walked and even as a prelude to conversation. Perhaps it helped his stammering—I simply cannot tell.

When I saw him again, I had been released from the old Gaol at Knutsford—the School for Service Candidates—and had come down to London and begun to begin; which is what life consists of. We had secured Mark I—a pompous corner-house in Queen's Gate Gardens. Five of us settled in, on the look-out for lodgers. The lodgers of our dreams were hard to come by. They must be men magnetic and convertible, ready to "muck right in," as the British Expeditionary Force put it succinctly, and to build up a team of Toc H workers. They must pay what they could, accept the limitations imposed upon us by empty linen cupboards, cracked china, kitchen chairs, few carpets, and a general atmosphere of life on active service principles.

Sidy asked nothing better. Humming, he came to call, and stopped to supper. Then he arranged to sleep the night, and then became a hosteller under the wardenship of another Gunner Major. At first he slept alone; but very soon tired of a lack of company. That was his explanation. In point of actual fact, I think he

discerned the loneliness of a shell-shocked man, whose companionship was at a discount socially. This man had the grim trick of crying out in his sleep that the Germans were coming over, rolling to the side of the bed, and gripping an imaginary rifle. Sidddy announced his wish to take the other bed in this man's room; and when the week was up and pay-day came to be—Sidddy paid in five pounds for this accommodation. The Warden told me, awestruck; though I was not to know. Looking back on Mark I as it then was, a hired house, the rent and rates between them totalling £490 a year, it seems half-way towards a miracle that seven years' occupancy was completed with a small working balance. Twenty-five beds were all our stock-in-trade, and the small fry—now married men with families—paid very little as they came up from school to begin work in London. But quiet help like Sidddy's, internally forthcoming, carried us through triumphantly. We never barred a man incapable of paying his full share; but it must be remembered that in the first year of Mark I, the visitors' book showed that seventeen hundred and sixty men of all sorts had been in to share a meal and evening with the residents; a privilege which cost them one and sixpence if they dined, and nothing if they didn't.

When Mark II opened a year later—in 1921—Sidddy was not among the colonists. He remained with Mark I, apart from various flittings overseas. Mark III, York Road, Lambeth, much attracted him; and he moved in, partly (I think) because South London was a new experience, partly because his room-mate was to move; and he might—if he had stayed—have one of his own class as his companion.

Not that he loathed his class. He was no turn-coat. He still went down with regularity to play real tennis at the M.C.C. He still went to some Clubs, called on some friends, and interchanged conjectures upon men and matters. His information, flagrantly unsystematic, was not to be despised; and his taste never varied. He watched the world go by, with the satiric sense which pointed the phrases of Ecclesiastes. It was an idol still, but he no longer was among its worshippers. So he moved in and out; attracted by an old friend at the Foreign Office, suborned to lunch or tea in Chelsea or Mayfair; but more and more rarely, as the years went on, accepting those events which made him miss the evening in the Mark or in still poorer quarters. My Lady Poverty had singed his wings. He was henceforth her shy but devout lover.

Let me recall one summer evening, when, apropos of nothing in particular, he turned up at Mark II, in the single bed-sitting-room which was then the office of Toc H all the world over. He found me addressing appeals, with a bad grace and in no mood for parleying. "What are you doing to-night?" "What I am doing now." A little intermezzo ensued, a Sullivan air which the crafty fellow knew to be my favourite tipple. It was no good trying to ignore him. His meekness—yes, I keep the word for Sidddy—was invasive. "What are you going to do?" said I derisively. "That's just the point. I'm going to Basingstoke—it's a fine evening and you'd better come." "What about work? I've got to get these finished." Sidddy took one, almost for once disdainfully, and, humming, read it through. "What do you want to get?" I named, I think, a quite preposterous figure, which Toc H—while still poor—has now by far exceeded. "What must

you have, and when?" I said a hundred pounds next week. That was my weekly prayer, one nearly always answered. "I'll give you that," he said "to come with me to Basingstoke at once—a razor and a toothbrush. They're particular."

"But who are they. Are they expecting me?" "Why, not exactly," Siddy hesitated. "You see, they're not expecting me either. But it's a fine evening, and it will be alright. Give me a pen, I'll pay it now. One never knows, you know."

Siddy, through coming from a Banker family, wandered through life with odd cheques, never a proper cheque-book. One of these he produced and filled it in.

"There now, I've bought you out. But you must get the tickets. I haven't any coins or bits of paper. And there's a cab as well. We shall be late."

I packed away my work, threw my things into the old Poperinghe case and was ready. It was as if the gnat-like voice, the subject of Scott Holland's choicest fantasy, had come into the room murmuring: "I must arise and go now, and go to Innisfree."

Fortunately, we caught a dinner train, and Siddy was persuaded to profit by the coincidence; for when we reached Basingstoke we walked two miles uphill, and found the great house which was our destination not only dark and empty, but in the builders' hands. Siddy did not apologise, nor yet did any strong lament rend the night air. The world was very lovely; we would sleep in the cottage. So we did, on three chairs and a sofa. Then we walked back to Basingstoke, and were in London early.

I have referred, by inference, to his wealth. How much he had, I never knew with precision; nor yet perhaps did he. But it would be quite wrong and much beside the mark to think of him as more than affluent. Once, in a real tight place, he saved the situation with £500. But in the main, his art was simply to transfer his main expenses from the West End to Lambeth, and to reduce his personal requirements. He cut down Clubs and cabs, loving his exercise, his old clothes and his ulster. He did not smoke—that might have been a derisive difference, but he let me be. Travel remained to him; the highest of diversions. But then he travelled mediævally, walking his Europe down in systematic solitude. His family recall a pleasant postcard, sent from the North of Austria when he had gone some weeks before to Poland. The explanation was that he had set his face South, and walked by map and compass on his watch-chain, at least four hundred miles in the high hills and passes, as lonely as a star. A shepherd turned him back at one stage of this journey, warning him that, by the way he was going, he would not strike a hamlet on the morrow.

* * * *

When Harry Ellison heard I was engaged in my spare time in trying to draw a thumb-nail sketch of Siddy, he told me that at Oberammergau in 1922 he and his wife decided on the day of our departure to hire a car and motor down to Innsbruck. They then looked around the big contingent of Toc H, whom they had joined too recently to know by name, to see if they could find a hard-up man who could not possibly afford this journey. They saw a tall, lean, most bedraggled figure in execrable garb. They asked him whether he would like a lift, and he said: "Yes,

I rather think I would." He climbed on board in front beside the Bavarian chauffeur. He spoke to him in German once or twice, and then dropped off to sleep, his head reclining on the chauffeur's shoulder. All day they passed down the great Innsbruck road, through some of the most magnificent scenery in Central Europe. Their guest still slept quite placidly. Piqued at his lack of manners and total disregard of the æsthetic, they none the less forgave a man so humble and plainly very poor.

When they reached Innsbruck he woke up, and expressed an inaudible but sincere desire to share the cost of the car. The Ellisons were much distressed at this, which they had not intended even had their guest been in good circumstances. Mrs. Ellison therefore sent her husband off to seek out someone who could tell them who their guest was, and whether it was fair that he should pay his quota. Harry Ellison had the good fortune almost at once to run into the Treasurer; no one could be better. To him he put the case. The Treasurer gave vent to a sardonic laugh. "The tramp you've carried down could buy you up five times over, and then forget he'd done it." Harry went back content.

IV.

In 1925 I was round the world, and on my return noted, among all changes, none more significant than that which had occurred in Siddy. Leave those you know intimately for a whole year, and you will find them changed, as they no doubt find you. These changes, unobservable in daily intercourse, are startling after a long interval. Siddy had lost resilience. He was stale. He felt himself unprofitable. His delicate sense of the ridiculous was turned to his own bosom. He did not discuss this at length even with me; but it was plain he dreaded becoming a mere oddity, a philanthropic free-lance, without form and void.

Equally well he knew—for he was gifted with unsparing insight into his own deficiencies—that he was not destined to take the office of a priest. So long as the Church of England requires all its priests to perform a series of public acts necessitating clear articulation (would that this were forthcoming in all our Churches!) a stammering man is at a deeper disadvantage than one who is blind or lame. Moreover, Siddy had no Vocation to Holy Orders; and, being a man of punctilious honour, would not proceed upon a course, well-equipped as he was in other ways, which led to a solemnity affirming himself "inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost" to accept the Ministry. Keen Churchman that he was, it must have been as trying a time for him as for a patriotic invalid in 1914. Here was the Church in 1926 crying her need of clergy, and here was he, a scholar and a gentleman, of ample means and wide experience, devout and ardent; but God did not summon him to the Commissioned ranks; and lower ranks are strangely laid aside within the Church of England, at least openly. We are a curious, rather than a mighty Army; for we allow no rank below a full Lieutenant, and even these—the Deacons—we make haste to promote. The priest is plainly Captain, and the main bulk stand there throughout their service. The Sergeants probably had more to do with winning the old war than any other rank in the King's Army; but in the Church we fail to recognise the equivalent office as legitimate, still less the lower ranks. Each Captain is expected to drill his own casual and critical company. Small blame to those who never get beyond the drill-book to actual grips with a well-organised opponent.

It fell to Siddy finally to act the pioneer, and to die on the threshold of being professed as a servant of the servants of God. This was a high endeavour. Let us here sketch the circumstances; and let not those who know and venerate the place regard these lighter phrases as ill-timed or unseemly. I write with a miscellaneous audience in mind, many no doubt ill-tuned in disposition towards the very shadow of a Monastery.

The instinct of the monk has never been in high favour in Great Britain; and even at the zenith of the Middle Ages our countrymen contributed a small percentage to the Contemplative Life, which went on placidly within the walls of those many ruins which now star our meadow-land. Most monks were foreign born; many were foreign bred. The English race was mainly represented among the lay brothers of these monasteries; and by the 15th century, when the glamour of lay brotherhood had passed, the monasteries became corporations of a semi-foreign character employing native labour from the villages. The call of St. Francis indeed found a response in English followers. Three of the nine indomitable men who were the first conveyers of that call in the Autumn of 1224 were English by extraction. But here was something which was very different in its inception to the rule of Benedict and to all the other Rules which enclosed men.

For men to be enclosed, to live a life concerned with God alone, to hold perpetual vows of silence and of contemplation, is not the English way of righteousness. God, He knows we cannot be, as sinful men, too thankful to those who have accepted such ideals; only the dullest ignorance condemns them. Yet to the English mind, this form of the Religious Life—cribbed, cabined, and confined, and cultivating a spirit of mortification—is what might now be called stratospheric Christianity; it may rise to a height of supreme exaltation, but as the troubled earth recedes and becomes dim, the air itself rarifies into nothingness. The English, with their faith planted on Mother Earth, regard such elevation as courageous, but tend to doubt its practical application. The Protector Somerset and his minion Cromwell would not have found their hideous task so easy of accomplishment had the monastic system been in its essence, popular. The monasteries were half-inhabited, filled with a few old men of no outstanding character; a few only had evil reputations, the rest were blameless, but without calibre. A few were saints and scholars, a handful of recalcitrants were martyrs. Many monks acquiesced, and took their pensions.

From 1547 until our age the monastic system lacked all representation in England; unless we count such delicate experiments as that conducted for the space of less than twenty years at Little Gidding. Then came a day when an inspired school-boy sat listening in Harrow Chapel to a declaration by a great Churchman, that the time had come for the Church of England to revise her condemnation of the Community Life. Years afterwards, Charles Gore, in company with a handful of like-minded contemporaries, took common vows at Oxford, began to live by a monastic rule, and in a few years' time repaired to Mirfield.

Mirfield was then, and yet remains, an unexpected spot for holiness. A few miles out of Leeds, a river, much befouled, winds through some dales darkened by the mill chimneys. The town of Mirfield crouches sulkily within a fold where the hills hem the river. Charles Gore here climbed the hill, and found upon its dour

and discourteous summit, above an old stone quarry, a gaunt mansion. Between the house and the quarry lay an ill-attempted garden, a ragged field, a still more ragged cluster of threatened trees. Loving associations blind the eyes of Mirfield's thousand sons, at work to-day in all parts of the world, to the grim aspect of the Mother-house, when first it met the gaze of Gore, destined to be the Founder. It can have had little loveliness that day, nor was it shaped to be the nurse of Poverty. Once ostentatious and built in vulgar taste, the mansion had become dilapidated, combining garishness with inadequacy. Seldom in recent history has any English home passed through a stranger experience than that which befell this Mirfield mansion. The little group of scholars who moved thither, troubled not at all to make terms with its atmosphere. They trusted to the work which God had given them to overcome each obstacle. They were forbidden by their vows to accumulate resources, lest such endowments should come to be a drag upon their spirit. Year after year they lived and worked, conquering hate and prejudice. Within the grounds, sheds were put up by their own hands; inside the mansion, beds were made, fires lit, boots cleaned. These few, who had been Fellows of their colleges, washed up, scrubbed floors, trenched ground, and served their food, beyond their main work as priest-missioners.

Two hundred yards away, where the hill dips towards the town, a second building soon began to rise. This was to be their College, whither should come generation after generation of picked men on the threshold of their manhood to undergo hard and most searching discipline as pupils, whether or not they had private means. In five or six arduous years under the Rule, in glorious contrast with the dismal drift by which many men slink into Orders, this College was to test and to confirm Vocation, and further to equip the students as nowhere else within the Church of England. They were not, however, to be seminarists. For three years out of six they were to play their part, and to play it well, as members of a modern University—a University which, by the way, received these tidings with dismay and ridicule, but now regards with pride the Mirfield Hostel standing in its midst, and the fine record of the Mirfield students. Their University Course completed, the students then regain their life at Mirfield. These final years leave a deep mark on men. They are not only valuable intellectually, but potent in the inculcation of habits of selflessness and of devotion. Few men have let down Mirfield. Fewer still have lost or compromised the Faith they learned in those hard days. Here is a home which trains and schools the character of the individual into a great team spirit under Christ. The writer is not speaking without knowledge; a pageant of true priests invades his memory. Summon but two:—

Here is a man of thirty, up-country in a mining-town famous for wealth of ore, but nothing nobler. Even to reach it is no light experience. Within this town, where the mining population includes four thousand men of foreign stock and the riff-raff of many States, this Mirfield man is now working out his Orders. He is the only priest of our Communion. He is on terms, which are not hostile terms, with every man fit to be called a man in those hot, rutted, sand-swept streets, lined by mean shacks and waterless. He never tires of listening and of replying. They know what he is for; they know his hours are longer than their own, his pay far

smaller, and his strength more freely spent. His little library is impressively up-to-date. He does not mince his words, nor does he mix his arguments. His small Church is a shrine which surely God accepts; his pulpit may be any kind of box at any kind of corner of a street. His Bible is not magic, but sound sense, soundly taught; his Altar is frequented by men converts. He knows the mines by constant visiting down to the deepest and the most dangerous levels.

Another of these men, whom I am privileged to claim as friend, took over during the last few years the post of priest in an ill-conditioned town, also Overseas, which was soon after faced by something fiercer than our unemployment. A thousand men, starving and desperate, besieged the Town authorities, made war with sticks and stones, pistols were drawn and knives; the place was in a state of disintegration. This priest, though a newcomer and unknown, began to pit his powers of leadership against the bloody chaos, on the brink of which the whole town stood in internecine hatred. He lived the men's life himself utterly, sold up his home, experienced mal-nutrition, won the goodwill which had been hitherto without an honest focus, fanned its feeble flame, obtained the grant of ground and got crops of vegetables, milk and meat and bread, set gangs to work on some neglected timber, relit home hearths, rekindled hope in men, and man's one hope in God. The ousted leaders called a huge protest meeting against peace; they were outvoted utterly. After a few weeks more of this long struggle, this Mirfield priest broke down and nearly died. Pennies were hard to come by in that town, but some £200 came in, almost entirely in copper coinage, to spend on this peace-maker among men.

It would be stupid and absurd to dramatise the lives of more of the old Mirfield students. They are but working priests, who have gone forth, a handful to a harvest which needs innumerable labourers. Some have succeeded, some have failed; but very few have fallen into inertia or laxity.

Between the College building, now assuming year by year nobler proportions, and the old house, which has thrust out a series of new wings plain in their neatness of sombre weathered stone from the old quarry, there stands the eastern end of a Basilica. Mirfield is not concerned to hurry things. The generations, as they come and go, will surely see to it that this great Church, one of the noblest concepts of its age, receives its due accretion steadily. Here rest the ashes of Charles Gore, bishop and saint and founder. Beyond the meadow to the west of it, among the fringe of trees perched on the cliff caused by the quarrying, lies a little glade leading to a rock which bears a Crucifix. Within this glade on either side of the path are two or three small Crosses. Opposite one, which marks the resting-place of a great author-priest, is another which bears the name of Sydenham. The road to Leeds runs far below beside the river bank; across upon the further side the hills rise again steeply. The morning sun, braving the grimy atmosphere, throws down the shadow of the Crucifix upon the little Crosses of these humans. Sidddy has here found rest. How did he come here? It would indeed be poverty of art at this stage in my narrative of Sidddy to interpose a prolonged explanation. Much must be left unsaid—yes, even now. Details are unimportant; for Sidddy would deride exact biographers. The effluence of his ethereal temperament would all escape under analysis. Few words are therefore best. Sidddy must cease.

Surrendering the disposition of his entire private income, he came again to Mirfield, where he had already spent some quiet periods. The Call had now come definitely and he entered as a postulant, not for the Ministry, but for lay brotherhood, in December, 1925. He died on November 28, 1926, five days before his year's novitiate was due to culminate in its fulfilment.

During that time I saw him twice. Once under circumstances of work and silence during a short retreat for secular clergy, whither I came, most secular of all. I marked my old friend Sidddy toiling with the wheelbarrow, bent to his task, inconsequent of mien, already altered towards happiness; and with a certain measure of discretion, which rested on his brow baptised in honest sweat. I saw him in the Chapel, dreaming, dreaming, then breaking from his dreams into the concentration of hard prayer. He waited on me once or twice in the refectory, wearing a great coarse apron. A few weeks later Mirfield had a holiday. He came away, and found himself in the Porch Room with three brown pennies in his trouser pocket. His problem was to look at a good map marking the 'bus routes whither he would go, and to discover which of the said 'bus routes would take him furthest in the right direction for the one penny he could rightly spare. This planning he enjoyed incredibly, measuring routes with far more delicate precision than he had used towards his war-time compasses. I took him down and showed him the new crypt, then recently discovered. It delighted him, and he suggested Francis as its patron. We little knew that a year hence his own name would be coupled with St. Francis, in whose 700th anniversary year Sidddy saw fit to die.

This was my final sight of him; until, as one may hope—and I for my part do most fervently—Sidddy and I achieve reunion. Mirfield holidays are short, its terms are long. Sidddy returned; and I have nothing more, except a postcard stuck beside his picture. This postcard tabulates Biblical researches into the tale of the Tochemonites, or people with a name still less familiar. This came from his desire to find a whimsical alternative to "Toc H men," still more to the intolerable "Toc H'ers." Then came an interval of several months. Christmas ensued, then came the month of January, when the year would be up since Sidddy entered Mirfield. Upon the Friday prior to this date he overstrained himself—or so he thought—wheeling an extra load. Within a day or two they operated. The operation was most unsuccessful. Sidddy's demeanour and behaviour during these last three days won a gainsaying nurse back to her Faith in God.

When it was clear that Sidddy's state was very serious, his relatives, numerous and eminent, were summoned to his side. He wished them well. Having made his Confession, and having received the Death-bed Sacraments, there is the legend I can well believe. Sidddy's lips moved, and a whisper came from them, accompanied by the soupçon of a smile beneath the gingery moustache, the one thing he had never sacrificed. The low, bent head of the attendant priest of the Resurrection received this utterly astounding sentence: "Well, what about a bottle of fizz?" And Sidddy, smiling, died.

P. B. C.

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The fine engraving of All Hallows, measuring 16½ ins. x 10¼ ins., which is reproduced on Plate XXIII, is obtainable, price £1 1s. from Gladwell & Co., 68, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4, the owners of the copyright.

“ A SHROUD HAS NO POCKETS ”

UNDER this title, Tubby wrote a note for the JOURNAL in 1923, which was, however, never published. Its significance has certainly not grown less with time, and we will quote from it now :—

“ We are so busy to-day asserting that we all must live that we have little time to remember that we all must die. The adventure of death is one that begins formidably enough in all conscience, and it is difficult in the dark to see the lion's chains. But for some of us at least in Toc H there are hands that will welcome us in, if we don't forget old friendship between now and then. One of the causes of the spiritual sympathies that take so many forms among the pre-war folk of to-day is surely that they are more conscious than any previous generation of the treasures they have laid up in heavenly places. It is a real motive with some I know that they long to be able to look their dead friends in the face, and prove their loyalty to the tasks they left us.

“ This note is difficult to write; yet the corollary is true, and must be bravely stated. Toc H must be rescued as soon as may be from the charitable market, which ill befits the dignity of its origin and purpose. These early struggles for expansion have on the whole not harmed its spirit, but in the long run they are bound to become debasing to the tone and temper of the whole Society. For the present, they have, it seems, to continue. . . Great societies have all experienced this intermediate stage, and struggled through, killing by the financial strain the first team of workers. Then the circumstances have suddenly begun to improve. The era of legacies has begun, and once this stage is reached, the only anxiety is that the Society should use its entrusted powers with upright honour.

“ Toc H during these first few years has done its best to build a solid structure, durable rather than pretentious, and legally, at least, weatherproof for generations to come. . . We cannot prove our confidence in it more simply than by adding to our Wills, however humble, some simple gift towards Toc H. . . ”

A striking example of this confidence in Toc H on the part of one of the “ pre-war folk ” has just reached Headquarters. In the May JOURNAL (*A Voice in Ramah*) Tubby told, very movingly, the story of a lady who had loved Toc H enough to criticise it honestly and serve it constantly in days gone by. More than a year ago, with her mind tragically clouded, she was withdrawn from all her old friends, and in April she passed over. Among her earlier gifts to Toc H was a memorial room in Mark III, dedicated to “ Our Twelve ”—for she lost no less than twelve of the menfolk of her family in the War. And now, all unexpected, there comes the news that, by a will made several years ago, she leaves to the Endowment Fund of Toc H £7,500 (which will be invested and the interest on which can, of course, only be used); £500 for the perpetual upkeep of “ Our Twelve ” memorial room—a precedent which is of great value, if donors of other memorial rooms should be disposed to follow it; and £500 to Tubby personally for his own purposes.

Another unexpected legacy also reaches us at the same time. Mr. H. A. Peto of Bradford-upon-Avon, who died on April 16, left legacies to over thirty societies and causes, among the first of which is Toc H, which receives £300. We do not even know, at the moment, how he came to be interested in our movement.

Thus in another sense than one of our Elder Brethren intended when he wrote them, the words are seen to be true: “ Death is becoming creative.” There are not many of us whose legacies could be on the scale of these, and every man, in disposing of the wealth he cannot carry with him, is bound first to make sure provision for his nearest dependants. But—after that is foreseen—there are still many of us who could set aside some humble gift that, at our passing, might help the cause we love to live on.

WHAT IS WRONG WITH TOC H?

In the first article in this series, in May, the writer, a keen member in the North-Western Area, dealt with "Toc H as an end in itself." The series will be continued next month.

II.—Defects of Organisation

THE writer would again emphasise that he claims real experience of Toc H in a few localities only. What follows may not apply to other places in Britain; and is not intended to cover overseas conditions at all. Probably, however, Toc H is sufficiently a Family for local impressions to be typical enough to be of a certain value. Indeed, the impressions of most members of Toc H are bound to be local, not only from limitations in their travels, but because we are all "pledged to the study of local conditions, civic, social, and religious." The Staff, and certain other leaders, cannot avoid a great deal of travelling; but I imagine that they find the breadth of their experience an imperfect compensation for the intensity of a more intimate life. We ought to have our roots deep in our own locality. We must have, if we are to accomplish very much there. When we really tackle a problem, it is surprising how often it has features, not minor but major, which are peculiar to one town or district. Housing provides notable examples.

Local as our interests should be, however, they ought to have a loyalty to something larger than the parish pump. At present, we are too eager to start groping in neighbourhoods which are not only served, but better served, by existing units. This applies mainly in large towns, of course.

Paradoxically, as Toc H grows, we become more and more afraid of numbers. At one time, our Branches were becoming unwieldy. There is obviously a limit everywhere to the number which can remain truly one community; but that limit differs widely according to the widely different circumstances in various places. If a Group is too small to do much, this comparative inactivity itself reacts upon the fellowship; and, as a result, mutual knowledge and respect are less than in a large but active Branch. At its worst, we find either a mutual admiration society or one preoccupied with family discords.

We seem to have evolved an ideal of thirty members for the average unit; but, in aiming at this standard, we appear to get an average of about twenty. Out of this number, half-a-dozen members are occupied to a certain extent with the committee work, catering, and other domestic business of the Group. Its outside activities are necessarily restricted, and its standing in the neighbourhood is negligible. As stated in the previous article, Toc H should not be an end in itself; and local prestige should not, of course, be valued for its own sake. If, however, we wish to do our utmost for the various causes which we have at heart, we usually find it of first importance to be well-known in our own locality. Certain small units succeed in becoming notorious by spectacular (and often excellent) jobs; but, even if such flashes in the pan can be repeated, they do not give the Group the standing which comes of steady day-to-day work needing the modest and unflagging devotion of larger teams.

The extent to which the larger number can retain the family spirit depends, not only upon the amount of time which they can spend together, but also upon the profundity of their communal experiences. A platoon of forty men during the War, often separated as they were, knew and respected each other to a degree undreamt of by many a body of only twenty men, coming together frequently, but under conditions infinitely less stirring.

A Matter of Geography

In trying to make history of a more peaceful nature, we shall do well to be keen students of geography. The convenience of modern transport has dangers more subtle than those of sudden death or mutilation. It is a factor in that disintegration of the family life (speaking of our homes) which ought often to be resisted. And, particularly in populous areas, men are beginning to choose their Toc H unit on a basis other than that of locality. This has been defended as an antidote for the social equivalent of biological inbreeding. Yet it seems to the writer that excessive clannishness and eccentricity are more likely to be found where all the men of similar tastes and habits congregate in units of their own. Dangers like those of suburbanism are better met by not encouraging the starting of Groups in neighbourhoods which have no civic life of their own, and in which the mixture of men is inevitably slight.

Tubby used to give a warning, serious though framed comically, of such a danger. Toc H would appear in a very unfavourable light, he would say, if two members were jointly charged at Bow Street Police Court one morning—and neither knew the other! To-day, in actual fact, it is possible for men to live almost next door to each other, and to be on no more than nodding terms, belonging as they do to different units of Toc H. It is useless to object that contact between their respective families is bound to bring them together. It does not do so, in many cases, for reasons which will be considered in the next article, on the Family Spirit.

One has a sort of nightmare vision of a future Toc H, in which Branches compete for the membership of promising probationers, as the League Clubs do in Soccer. In passing, we may learn a lesson from the decay of Soccer as a sport, of which professionalism is only a symptom and not a cause. The commercialising of the game has been possible only by the breakdown of local connections. If the reader finds the comparison with Toc H too remote, let him reflect how much of the extra-local fashion has spread to soccer of a genuinely amateur character in which no questions of mercenary motives arise.

In the opinion of the writer, boundaries should be marked out for each new unit of Toc H as it is formed. Each active member of Toc H living within those boundaries would be expected to join the new Group, unless he could advance an important reason for remaining with his old unit. At present, we have men passing right through the natural territory of bright young Groups which need their support, in order to prop up decrepit old units which ought to hand in their Lamps and Rushlights.

One excuse for joining or remaining with a distant Branch is that the Guest-night of his local Group falls on an evening when the member is otherwise engaged. No

Church excludes a man because he always has to work on Sunday. The Church which has a real influence in its neighbourhood has many week-day activities; and so it should be with a unit of Toc H, even if it regards its Guest-night as a sort of Sabbath. Insistence upon the paramount importance of Guest-nights has not only enfeebled other activities, in some cases, but it has not even meant good Guest-nights. The psychological reasons are precisely those which paraded many a stalwart, in Flanders, with buttons of blinding brightness—and a shirt which would hardly bear approach, let alone inspection.

Local Leadership

The writer finds it self-evident that if each member should be deep-rooted in his own neighbourhood, anyone in any position of leadership should have even deeper roots. We have rightly placed much reliance upon pivotal men, but do we not tend to forget that being pivotal depends upon position as much as upon quality? One hears of a man going to a distant Group once a week for three months, so that they may sit at his feet and learn Toc H. The patronising nature of such a mental attitude was sufficiently discussed in the previous article; the present point is, one of two things which has usually happened, by the end of the three months. Either lack of a root is preventing the Group from developing into a Branch, or the Group has begun its life with a predisposition to rely upon outside leadership. Leading Men to Leadership is a noble ideal for the pivotal man; unconscious freezing-out of potential leaders because their ideas differ from his, may be the unhappy reality.

It is objected that, without such missionary work from outside, Toc H would never get a start in many places. It may be that even potential leadership is lacking, in which event it is far better to leave the place untouched for the time being. In the other cases, why should the pivotal man not go to live in the Group's neighbourhood? All honour to our pivotal men for the work they are doing. When the writer earnestly maintains that we are not asking enough of them, be it remembered that he has already said that we do not ask enough of ourselves. Pivotal men might ask themselves, too, how far they are animated by the wider motives of a missionary, and how far they share our general failing of regarding Toc H as an end in itself.

As pointed out in the previous article, Toc H has no monopoly, either of spirit or of method. Let us not be too precious about this question of *starting* Toc H. To hear some of us talk, it is no wonder that there are still outside people who regard us as a Secret Society. Constant emphasis upon the *Toc H* way of doing everything tends to paralyse even normal activities. We show this weakness even in a sideline like singing. Our songmasters grow more and more efficient; but singing as a spontaneous pleasure does not mark even our organised meetings. If we tramp in Germany without our songmaster we are put to shame by the first knot of German boys we encounter.

The Staff

This reliance upon anything rather than natural leadership shows itself most plainly in our attitude towards the Staff of Toc H. Possibly influenced subconsciously by the trend of events in the world at large, we are ceasing to believe in government

by the people. Many units have excellent committees; but few District Committees are real rulers over ten units. The representative for the District Committee is often the Group's odd man out. In these circumstances, the Staff are left with almost the whole burden of formulating policy, as well as their true task of executing it. The private member of Toc H exhibits in miniature the attitude of the citizen towards the nation's Civil Service: he leaves things more and more to them, and yet complains that their power is always increasing. The writer has heard men compare Toc H with the relatively small number of permanent Staff in the Scout Movement, regardless of the great difference in conditions.

What a great achievement it would be, if we could grapple with the Overseas need, on the grand scale; sending abroad half of our Staff, to be replaced by rays of private members giving up time and energy for this purpose. It would be a poor compliment to the Staff if it were not hastily added that the gap would precipitate a crisis in Toc H. The writer believes that Toc H could stand it, and has a suspicion that perhaps Toc H needs such a crisis. It will be said that, in such an event, more men than ever would come to regard Toc H as an end in itself. In the writer's experience, however, the Staff are singularly free from this attitude, and the torch handed on would be one which burnt well and unsmokily.

In this country, before such drastic measures become necessary, we should take to heart the lesson which can be learned from the position of public servants, national and municipal. The laying-down of policy and the execution of it require two very different atmospheres and two contrasting frames of mind. When good men no longer wish to enter Parliament or local Councils, the country will have commenced a career down towards anarchy, however faithful and efficient its central and local Civil Services may be.

It has been said that a democratic community gets the administration which it deserves. The writer ventures to suggest that Toc H has, at present, a better Staff than it deserves. But it is not easy to see how they are to be replaced, in the years to come, unless we ordinary members set for ourselves higher standards of reliability and sacrifice.

F. W. M.

A VERY USEFUL BOOK

When we pray. By the Rev. Ronald Sinclair. Hodder & Stoughton, 1s.

Here is a book that has two great merits—simplicity and enthusiasm. The more we can appreciate the advice of so great a thinker and practical Christian as Studdert-Kennedy the better. This Ronald Sinclair (a Toc H padre) has helped us to do. This book will probably be of little service to the man or woman who has genuine intellectual difficulties about prayer, but is full of helpful suggestions to those—probably the vast majority of us—whose difficulties are practical. He lays great stress on the part which our imaginations can play in our praying—the fascination of building up our prayers round a definite picture, conjured up from the life of Jesus Christ. There are most valuable suggested schemes of prayer based on the picture-theme, in the Appendix. The Chapter on Holy Communion is splendidly suggestive. Here is a book that should be on every church and Toc H bookstall and would not be out-classed on any bookstall in the kingdom. And it only costs one shilling.

G. S.

SCHOOLS OF ENGLAND

THE English word school derives from "leisure," a meaning hardly perhaps acceptable to the average schoolboy, but nevertheless containing a substantial element of truth. The amount of schooling that a boy receives depends on the extent of the leisure that can be secured for him, whether by public provision or by the means of his parents, before the adult working world seizes him in its grip. Once such leisure was confined, even at a very tender age, to a limited and privileged class. A century of effort has now secured it for all children up to the age of 14, and has made it possible for a considerable number of those whose parents could not afford to provide it, to continue their full-time education up to 16, 17 or 18. Many people hold that the number for whom this is made possible is still deplorably small, but however this may be, the extent of the advance in 50 years in picking out the best brains for further "leisure" is very considerable indeed.

In the Middle Ages, education in England was mainly in the hands of the monasteries. With their fall, some secular provision became essential. Hence the number of schools that claim as their founders Henry VIII, Edward VI and Queen Elizabeth. But if royal hands signed charters, private citizens provided the funds, and education remained right down to the middle of the 19th century the work of private charity (with the addition of some elements of private enterprise in the manner of Mr. Squeers). The efforts of the National Society and the British and Foreign Schools Society to provide some rudimentary instruction for boys beyond the reach of the few great mediæval foundations like Winchester and Eton, and the considerable number of Tudor and later Grammar Schools, led first to State grant and finally to the public provision of "elementary" schools to cover the entire child population. State aid for more advanced education in schools and universities followed as an inevitable sequel, till to-day the public expenditure on education in England and Wales nears £100 millions.

Such in brief and inadequate outline is the history of the growth of English education. It is not surprising that, compounded of such various elements, the whole structure should be rich in variety. The English love individuality and in their schools will be found its deepest roots. It is said that in some countries the Minister of Education can place his finger on a chart and know that every child of a given age in a given grade of school is receiving instruction at that moment in the same subject. No such uniformity characterizes English schools. Despite the growing incubus of the examination system, which, to do the schoolmasters justice, is not their fetish, but that of the business world, English schools still retain a great measure of independence and individual freedom. The system is not logical—few English institutions are—and to explain it to a foreigner is a task from which most Englishmen shrink with terror. But because Toc H is now dealing with over 200 schools it is well that Toc H members should make some effort to understand the difference in the types of schools with which Toc H tries to deal, and what manner of boys they contain.

First, then, the elementary school, a term covering all those in which free compulsory education is given up to the age of 14. Elementary schools were once a distinct type, designed to give a complete education for life (save the mark!) by the end of the legal age of compulsory attendance. Since the Hadow report they are being progressively split into two, junior schools up to 11+ and senior schools from 11+ to 14. The former are true primary schools, providing the tools of knowledge, the latter have implicit in them the germ of true post-primary education for all. At present they remain elementary schools, though certain of them, called central schools, are already elementary in name only, and the way is ready, when the raising of the school age comes, for elementary education as a

distinct and lower type, to disappear. With these schools at present Toc H can do nothing. Boys leave them two full years before they reach the minimum age for membership, and, what is more important, at an age when they are only on the threshold of being able to appreciate those deep-lying general ideas without which Toc H must always be but an empty shell.

Next come the secondary schools, a term which includes all schools providing a true post-primary education (other than technical) whatever their age, size or social prestige. Included in them are the so-called public schools, a term as liable to expansion and contraction in different minds as Einstein's bubble universe. The Public Schools Act of 1868 took account of nine only. Most men, if asked to name them, would include a varying number of world-famous schools adding, of course, their own! Actually the only working definition of a public school is that its headmaster is accepted as a member of the Headmaster's Conference. Membership is determined by the fulfilment of certain conditions, of which independence of the Governing Body, absence of private profit, and the standard of education are the most important. It follows that the commonly held belief that a public school must be a rich school is very wide of the mark. Many such schools have very meagre endowments, accept aid from public funds, and offer annually a proportion of free places (under the new regulations of the Board of Education called 'special places'). It is well to make this point clear because in so far as it deals with public schools, Toc H is sometimes accused of snobbery. Actually it seeks to make its ideas and its ideals known in every school where a boy can continue his preparation for life to an age at which he is ripe for those ideas, not asking from what sort of home he comes or how his father earns his daily bread. Toc H needs brains and characters and the secondary schools of England taken as a whole are increasingly getting the best brains and having an opportunity for the continuous moulding of character such as one would wish for every boy in the land.

The technical schools stand a little apart. They are few in number, and in a sense more specialized, but those who despise them as narrow are just disclosing their own ignorance of the width of culture and depth of character that can be brought about by training based upon a great craft. With some of these Toc H is beginning to deal and they are included in the figures that follow.

Here, then, are the facts of Toc H dealing with schools in England and Wales. At the moment we deal with 216 schools of which 92 are members of the Headmaster's Conference. The remaining 124—mostly secondary, a few technical and some few of special types—are not. Of the whole 216, 137 admit boys to free (special) places, in not a few cases the proportion being as high as 25%. These figures speak for themselves. They show that Toc H is no respecter of persons among schools. It is seeking out a vital portion of the youth of the nation, in those who, from whatever cause, are able to go on with their training for life during the formative years of adolescence.

No Excuse

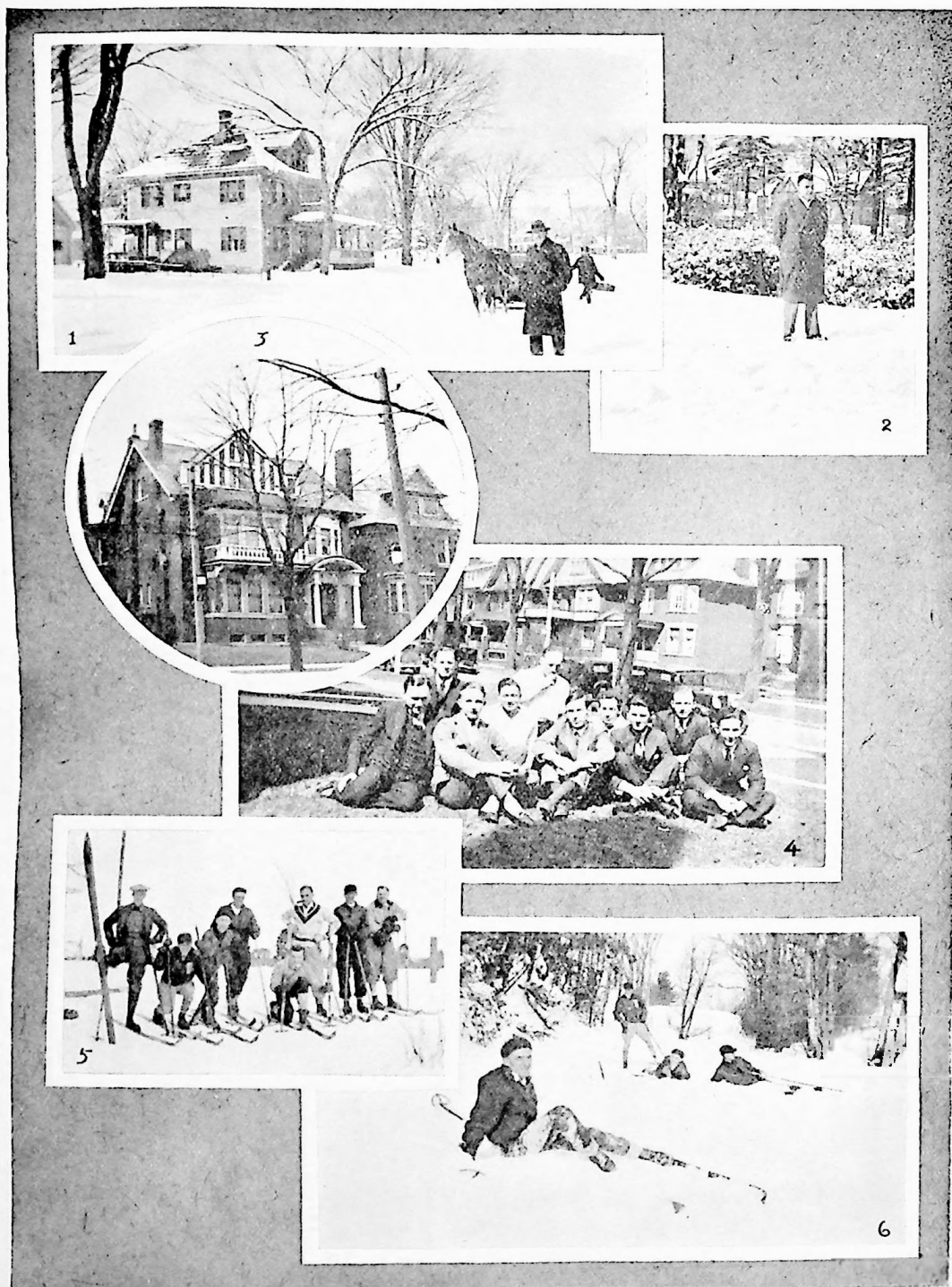
¶ THE EDITOR assumes all responsibility for the late appearance of the June JOURNAL and its 104-page Supplement, *The Years Between*. Certain impatient members who have been writing to 'strafe' the Registrar about it, have addressed their complaint, therefore, to the wrong man. The production of the Supplement was a heavy task for all concerned—writers, editor, printer and General Office. How heavy, in one sense, was shown when the copies arrived at H.Q. for dispatch. Over four and a half tons arrived one day—and were posted all over the world the next. The General Office have never done a slicker job—as soon as they had the material to do it with.



A Party in Westmorland. ALEC PATERSON and TUBBY are seen together (the first time since the War that they had stayed under the same roof) at LEIGH GROVES' on Windermere. STEVE LAMBERT stands behind; MICHAEL UNDERHILL sits beside Tubby; Mrs. PATERSON and Mrs. GROVES beyond. (Photo. H.L.G.)



Beating the Bounds of All Hallows Parish. TUBBY is followed by other Padres—TOM SAVAGE, CUTHBERT BARDSLEY, BARNACLE BROWN and E. M. ROYDS JONES. (Photo. Sport and General).



Some account of the visit of BOB SAWERS (Scottish Secretary) to help Toc H, Eastern Canada, was given in the June JOURNAL, p. 242. He has now returned, and the Editor pillaged his snapshot album as he passed through London. The results are :— (1) SHERBROOKE—with Bob Sawers in foreground; (2) SHERBROOKE—Padre Albert Holmes; (3) TORONTO—Mark H (C); (4) TORONTO—the hostellers of the Mark; (5) MONTREAL—Training week-end at Mascouche; (6) Ditto.

FUNDS FOR OVERSEAS WORK

The first chapter in the story of the Overseas Fund is to be found on pages 344-6 of the October JOURNAL for 1932. The second, in which progress was reported, appeared in the January, 1933, issue. Before this—the third chapter in which the plot thickens—is read members are advised to turn back to the preceding chapters to refresh their memories.

IT is time to draw attention again to this very important matter, more especially as the situation in Australia (referred to last month under the heading "The Family Overseas") has brought us all face to face suddenly with a great and most important problem. The issue behind the Australian discussions reported last month is nothing less than this: Can a way be found to bring the members of Toc H in Australia, who are at present members of six separate local Toc H Associations, linked together for quite limited purposes by a "Gentleman's Agreement," and legally independent of the parent body, into full membership of the world-wide body, the Toc H Association constituted by Royal Charter? If this can be achieved, the unity of Toc H throughout the world will be secured. There will be one Association instead of seven. Although Padre Baldwin has arrived our information is still incomplete. Other, quite unofficial, "ambassadors" are now on the high seas, and we are asked to await their arrival before formulating plans. So very little can be said now except that we must take full advantage of this opportunity of "reinforcing the bonds" between Toc H in Australia and ourselves, and that this will inevitably mean sending a man or men to Australia next year. We cannot handle such important and delicate business by correspondence over such an immense distance. This is going to add seriously to our financial obligations as regards Toc H overseas, and we simply must find more money, even if other plans, at home or abroad, have to be modified or postponed.

In January, when (not knowing what was about to happen in Australia) we told what was being done for India, Southern Africa and Eastern Canada we said that our next "objective" was New Zealand. Now New Zealand has waited so long already that we hope and trust that members and friends will make it possible for us to do what we ought for Australia *without* delaying our plan for New Zealand. That plan is to send Padre Herbert Leggate (who will be replaced in the North-Western Area by Padre A. E. Howard of Liverpool) to New Zealand for about eighteen months. He is booked to sail for Wellington *via* Sydney in the Orient Line s.s. *Orsova* on October 14. We have every reason to believe that from what we know of Toc H in New Zealand, and of him, that the results of his visit will be very great indeed.

Some Figures

The receipts of Overseas Fund up to the end of December last were almost £1,600. From January to June 12 another £300 was received. This included two sums of £50 given one by Tubby and another by Cyril Osborne (another member of the Central Executive) towards the cost of Padre Baldwin's visit to us from Australia. Deducting money actually spent and reserved for the Southern African plan explained in January, the balance on June 12 was £308 14s. 6d., including the £100 just referred to and £3 18s. 7d. earmarked for the New Zealand plan. Plainly the Overseas Fund will be more than exhausted unless the present rate of "in-take" rises very sharply. We reckoned, indeed, when the New Zealand plan was adopted that we should have to supplement it from other resources, but even so we shall be in very great difficulties indeed unless the Overseas Fund receives support in proportion to the opportunities which lie before us, in New Zealand and in Australia. Contributions should be earmarked for overseas work, and may be earmarked for Australia or for New Zealand.

Toc H in New Zealand has not been able to provide itself with any whole-time staff, but has provided the expenses of the Dominion Executive, including a good deal of travelling, and sent home £50 as a thankoffering for the visit of Bobs Ford and Harry Chappell. In Australia there is one paid lay appointment temporarily vacant, and there are a whole-time padre and two laymen (one whole-time and one part-time), paid entirely out of funds raised locally. Eastern Canada has paid for years for Padre Holmes, and has now received a most generous gift which has made possible the appointment of a whole-time Secretary. Towards the salary and very heavy travelling expenses of the Padre for India for nearly four years only £250 has been contributed from Headquarters funds.

MULTUM IN PARVO

✠ Bishop NEVILLE TALBOT, late of Pretoria, now Vicar of St. Mary the Virgin, Nottingham, has been appointed a Vice-President of the Association until March, 1935.

✠ Welcome home to Padre "BOBS" FORD and HARRY CHAPPELL on their return from the Far East in July. "Bobs" will be working in the London Area and Harry goes to Wells Theological College.

✠ Padre SAM DAVIS, after four fruitful years in the Northern Area, will soon be leaving the Staff. The good wishes of a host of friends will go with him in his new work in Halifax.

✠ Padre P. W. BALDWIN, Federal Padre of Toc H, Australia, arrived in England on June 6, and will be with us for about six months. This month he goes to Newcastle, where he will be acting as Northern Area Padre after Sam Davis' departure.

✠ A hearty welcome on joining the Staff at home: to the Rev. R. J. DAVIES ("Jim"), who was appointed on June 8 to be an Area Padre in Yorkshire and is now living at the Hull Hostel; to the Rev. E. R. CHARLEWOOD (Barnet District Padre), who starts his work as a "Marks Padre" in the London Area at the end of July; and to IAN FRASER (East Tyneside District Pilot), who has been appointed from July 3 an Assistant Area Secretary in the North-West for work in Westmorland and Northern Lancashire.

✠ ROBERT F. THOMPSON has been appointed Secretary for the Eastern Canada Region. We hope to welcome him on a visit to England this autumn. His appointment for three years has been made possible by the generosity of the Hon. VINCENT MASSEY.

✠ News comes from Perth, W.A., that Toc H in Western Australia have given their Hon. General Secretary, JACK C. A. WATTS, a full-time appointment as State Secretary.

✠ Padre C. L. BARNACLE BROWN, who returned from New Zealand in March, is now Vicar of St. Mary of Eton, Hackney Wick. ✠ Padre LESLIE BECKLEY, formerly of All Hallows and now in Canada, is to become Warden of St. Nicholas Hall, Bristol, next September.

✠ JOHN MALLET (Assistant General Secretary at Headquarters) and MARGARET FARLEY (until recently on Tubby's staff at the Porch Room) were married at All Hallows on June 24. A long and happy life to both!

✠ The author of "THE TOC H PADRE," published in April, price 6d., writes: "Possibly you should print a postscript to my poor Padres' publication, pointing out that it is not a perfect pandect, so precludes paragraphs on the Patron, Pools of Peace, Provincial Secretaries, Porch Rooms, Presidents, Pancake Parties, Pilgrimages and Pilots."

✠ Congratulations from the Family to the following Groups promoted to Branch status during the last six months: HARROGATE (Yorkshire Area), ABERDARE (South Wales Area), WADHURST (South-Eastern Area), EMPANGENI, Zululand, Natal (Southern Africa), BRAMPTON (Northern Area), BRISLINGTON (Western Area), CLAREMONT, Cape Town District, W.P. (Southern Africa), HARROW (London Area), AGRA (India), BARTON-ON-HUMBER (East Midlands and Lincs. Area), HARTLEY WINTNEY (Southern Area), and MILTON AND EASTNEY (Southern Area).

THE BIRTHDAY FESTIVAL, 1933

We are asked to give the following preliminary notice of the Festival arrangements, so that all concerned may be aware of the position. The information should be carefully noted, as it will not be repeated. Application forms will be sent to home units in October. Any correspondence should be addressed to THE FESTIVAL SECRETARY, 47, Francis Street, S.W.1.

AS announced in the JOURNAL of September, 1931, it has long been decided to hold a Birthday Festival in London in December, 1933. H.R.H. the Patron has been pleased to reserve the evening of SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, for the purpose and the Festival will accordingly be held on that date and on SUNDAY, DECEMBER 10.

For the Eighteenth Birthday of Toc H the Festival Committee have made the following provisional arrangements, which have been sanctioned by the Central Executive Committee:

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9.—*Thanksgiving Service*: St. Paul's Cathedral, which is well suited for so large a congregational service, is now available and the service will be held there at 5.30 p.m. This will be followed by High Tea at neighbouring cafés, members subsequently travelling westward by Underground. *Festival Evening*: This will take place in the Royal Albert Hall at 7.30 for 8 p.m. The Band of H.M. Welsh Guards will play and Community Singing will be under the guidance of Sir Walford Davies. The Archbishop of York has agreed to speak to the membership assembled. It is hoped that the Patron will address the family and will light the Lamps of the new Branches.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 10.—In the morning there will be services of *Holy Communion* arranged by the Padres concerned. After breakfast, there will be two "*Festival Preachments*," an opportunity to visit the Marks, terminating, after lunch in the City, with the *Family Gathering*. This will be somewhat different from previous Gatherings; there will be ample time for 'mixing' and Tubby alone will speak.

Some likely Questions and their Answers

Who is coming? In view of the need for economy and of the desire expressed for a "simple" Festival, it has been decided that there shall be no pageantry this year. As a consequence, there will be nothing in Saturday's programme to form a nucleus of a previous or subsequent evening's gathering.

This decision in turn means that the Albert Hall will only be used for one night and the Committee had to consider most carefully how the available accommodation (6,100 seats) should be allotted. The Central Executive have now decided that attendance at the Festival *this year must* be limited to Toc H members and probationers, but that there should be invited a party of 20 members of L.W.H., selected by their Executive.

The intention is that this Festival shall be a *family affair for Toc H*. The only other guests to be invited this year will be the donors of Lamps, which are to be lit for the first time, and a small number of male "Toc H Builders," who are, of course, much more than subscribers of money to a movement.

Shall we be "rationed"? It is hoped that there will be no need to "ration" applications this year, owing to demand exceeding supply of tickets, though this cannot be definitely announced until after the first post on *Thursday, November 9*. The Secretary (and General Member) who fails to get his applications in by then must run the risk of getting few, if any, tickets. If "rationing" of applications received by November 9 becomes necessary, the first preference will be given to the members from overseas and distant places.

What about Billets? Those members coming from afar will have billets allotted them in hotels in Central London. There will be no fixed charge made to members for this. All members, when making application for tickets, will be asked to contribute what they can afford, remembering that: (a) Each bed reserved costs Toc H 5/-; (b) Members from afar also have heavy travelling expenses; and, (c) The nett cost of billeting in 1931, after deducting contributions, was £173.

How much will it cost?

- (a) Your train or coach fare to and from London, and about 1/6d. for local tube and 'bus fares in London.
- (b) What you will for offerings at the Services.
- (c) On Saturday, 1/6d. for High Tea, and on Sunday 1/6d. for Breakfast and 2/- for Lunch. There will also probably be a 6d. buffet tea after the Family Gathering.
- (d) What you can afford for your billet (see above).
- (e) A donation to the Festival Fund, which is a pooling of members' contributions to cover their admission to, and the quite heavy expenses of, all the events. The *minimum average* is 2/- per head. There are many members who can afford more; this especially applies to those who have no heavy travelling expenses to bear.

What about Lamps, Rushlights and Banners? When Toc H last used the Albert Hall for a National Festival (in December, 1929) there were 473 home Branches and Groups, making an actual Light and Banner procession of 617 men. By December next there are likely to be over 850 units of Toc H at home and the procession would have become impossibly large. Therefore, this year the Lamps and Banners of *Branches only* (not Groups) will be brought to the Albert Hall.

THE WORLD CHAIN OF LIGHT

THE WORLD CHAIN OF LIGHT is to be held, for the fifth year in succession, on December 11-12, 1933. Both days have significance—December 11 as the anniversary of the actual birthday of Talbot House, Poperinghe, in 1915; December 12 as Tubby's own birthday. The first World Chain was started on May 14, 1929, from the Federal Festival at Perth, Western Australia; the second by Tubby lighting the Lamp in the Upper Room at Poperinghe on December 5, 1930; the third, on November 2, 1931, at the Transvaal Birthday Festival in Johannesburg Cathedral; the fourth, on December 11, 1932, again from the Old House. The Chain of 1933 will also start from Poperinghe.

The symbolism of the Chain of Light is simple and striking: it reminds members all round the world, in one particular twenty-four hours of the year, of their unity in the family of Toc H. As the hands of the clock point to 9 p.m. on a given day each unit which wishes to take part, lights its Lamp or Rushlight, and as the earth makes a complete revolution on its own axis every twenty-four hours, the effect is a chain of lights, each signifying some unit, springing up in succession right round the world, from East to West. That this may happen, the following is the order to be followed:—

1. On Monday, December 11, at 9 p.m., the Lamp will be lit at Talbot House, Poperinghe. From this historic starting point the Light will travel westwards, thus:—
2. On Monday, December 11, at 9 p.m. (by their own time) all units in Belgium, France, Great Britain and Ireland and West of Greenwich meridian (i.e., in West Africa, West Indies, Canada, U.S.A., South America) are invited to hold the Ceremony of Light.
3. On Tuesday, December 12, at 9 p.m. (by their own time) all units East of Greenwich meridian (i.e., in New Zealand, Australia, Malaya, India, East and Southern Africa, Egypt, Malta, Italy, Germany) are invited to do the same.
4. On Tuesday, December 12, at 9 p.m. the Ceremony of Light will again be held at Poperinghe, as the last link in the Chain of Light which will by then have encircled the globe.

So stand to your Lamps and Rushlights, if you will: pass the Light on!

THE ELDER BRETHREN

Sidney Thomas Strangward: Norwich Heigham Group

SID passed over, after an illness bravely borne, on May 12. He was an original member of the Group and for two years had been its chairman. The loss of his vitality, faith and enthusiasm leaves a gap in the life of Norwich Toc H which will be very hard to fill.

G. B. Meek: Blackpool Branch

Padre Meek, of the New Church, Reads Avenue, Blackpool, collapsed in the pulpit while preaching at Bolton on a Sunday evening and passed over on May 16, two days later. He was keenly interested, so far as his time permitted, in all Toc H jobs and contributed a general sense of real happiness to the fellowship of the Branch when he was present.

Capt. H. F. Nichols: ("Quex")

"Quex" was known widely to newspaper readers, through his *Diary of a Man about Town*, as a most attractive journalist. He believed in Toc H for recapturing the comradeship which he had loved in his war service. And when, in 1929, a member told him that a beautiful, little, ancient house in Hoddesdon was threatened by the house-breakers he set to work instantly with his pen to save it for Toc H; his eloquent paragraphs succeeded and the house became ours. When he passed over, on May 26, people of all kinds knew they had lost a rare and great-hearted friend.

Josiah Bridge: South Shields Branch

By the passing of JOSIAH BRIDGE on May 26, the South Shields Town Council lost a faithful Treasurer of 33 years' service and the South Shields Branch of Toc H a fine President. For "Erastus" was not content only to give a Lamp to them in memory of his son, Arthur; he joined up himself as an active member. His aim was happiness, his work usefulness, his personality freshness, his age true youthfulness, and his loyalty to Toc H was splendid.

Arthur Canham: Toc H Hon. Commissioner for South Africa

Toc H has lost a loyal and chivalrous friend through the sudden passing, on May 27, of ARTHUR CANHAM. He was formerly Trade Commissioner for the Union of South Africa, and latterly devoted his life to the cause of better understanding between the various nations of the Empire: he organised and led a series of visits of representative farmers from and to the Old Country and the Dominions. He was quick to see the possibilities offered to him as an Hon. Overseas Commissioner of Toc H. His passing leaves the Overseas Office conscious of its personal grief and its corporate loss.

Graham Hall: Hinckley Branch

Hinckley Branch suffered a severe loss when GRAHAM HALL, at the age of 29, passed over to the Elder Brethren. He was one of their founder members and had served as jobmaster.

Malcolm William Brown: Oundle School

Bereavement fell on Oundle School and town alike when the Rev. W. M. BROWN died on June 9. He had served the School for 38 years and was due to retire at the end of this term to a place in Dorset which he loved. His appointment was one of the earliest made by the great "Sanderson of Oundle." In 1901 he and Mrs. Brown took over the boarding house for the youngest boys, and there they maintained a wonderful family spirit. He was a beloved School Chaplain. He served as School Correspondent in the days of the Cavendish Association and, from 1921 onwards, continued under Toc H until recently. He loved Toc H and believed in it, and we share his loss with many others.

Miscellaneous Advertisements

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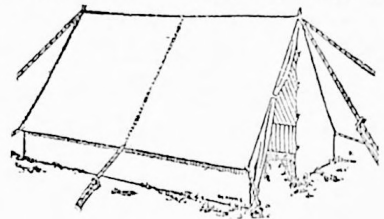
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DESPATCHES OF THE MONTH

From the Continent of Europe

THE second Conference of Toc H on the Continent was most successfully held in the Old House at Poperinghe during the week-end June 9-11. The attendance of 22 was slightly smaller than last year: members came from Brussels (in three cars), Antwerp, Charleroi, Paris and Berlin. The Conference greatly regretted the absence of any representatives from Holland. The party began to arrive on Friday afternoon and continued to roll in until midnight. Grey, windy weather did not damp the spirits of a most united and happy team.

Two sessions were held on Saturday and two on Sunday in which discussion ranged freely and usefully over the special problems which beset scattered and rapidly shifting British colonies in foreign countries. Distances make organisation difficult and anything like a 'European Arca' which could include Belgium, France, Holland, Germany and Italy (Naples) is out of the question at present. But the need for closer working is already strongly felt and it was agreed that the three units in Belgium, which can visit each other with comparative ease, should, with the approval of Headquarters, form a little 'unofficial' District, with a joint committee. This would not, of course, be able to adopt the full constitution of a District in an Area organisation as we know it at home, but it would help the Belgian units to pool experiences at regular intervals and do their work more effectually. The Continental units, isolated as they are, also urged the importance of visits, whenever possible, from someone in close touch with Headquarters. They would like to see someone appointed as their 'Hon. Visitor,' when a suitable man can be found; someone, for instance, whose business takes him regularly to the Continent. A resolution was passed that the printed bulletin *Toc H on the Continent*, which Brussels Branch had undertaken at the 1932 Conference to edit and publish for a year at least, should be discontinued. The circulation was not large enough to make it a paying proposition. Brussels gallantly declared themselves ready to shoulder the loss on it up-to-date, and other units promised to do what they could to help them. These were the main items of business, but the discussions on the right use of meetings in promoting fellowship, on doing jobs, and on the methods of recruiting members were keen and really useful.

Everyone felt the gain to the week-end in having Wolfgang Staiger, of Berlin, present. His short message to the Conference of affection and loyalty to the ideals of Toc H from German members was loudly applauded. Members listened with appreciation and some heart-searching to his declaration that Berlin refused to admit men to Toc H membership unless they signed on "for life": this meant that men were kept on probation often for one or even two years, and it accounts (let us say) both for the small numbers and for the high standard of the members there. At the *Last Post* on Saturday night Staiger laid a great wreath of oak leaves (the national tree of Germany) at the Menin Gate in honour of all the Elder Brethren, his and ours, and on the return journey to Brussels by road on Sunday the cars turned aside to Sanctuary Wood, where Staiger said *Light* in German at Gilbert Talbot's grave: these were very moving moments for all who were present.

For the rest there was a short round of the battlefield on Saturday afternoon and plenty of song in the 'bus on the way back to Pop. Padre Hudson (Brussels) led short prayers in the Upper Room on Saturday morning, Padre Woodard (a beloved American member at Brussels, soon returning to his own country) took evening prayers, and Padre Shiner (Antwerp) celebrated on Sunday morning. The week-end was time well spent and is to be repeated next year.

From the Southern Area

TWO new Branches come on the Area Roll and two new Groups. *Hartley Wintney* and *Milton and Eastney* are the Branches, and *Fawley-cum-Calshot*, *Cowplain* and *Hayling Island* the Groups. *Hartley Wintney*—a small Hampshire village—have for some time held back from applying for the Lamp that all of those who knew them felt they fully deserved. *Milton*, *Cowplain*, and *Hayling Island* all mark progress in Tubby's old home—the Portsmouth District. *Milton*, in a poor quarter of Portsmouth, has never looked back since it started with its Rushlight. *Hayling Island* is the result of a conversation between unemployed men in an occupational centre who expressed a desire to see Toc H established as a reinforcement to help them and their fellows to face up to their problems. *Fawley-cum-Calshot* largely consists of R.A.F. personnel. *Farnham* and *Tongham* Groups have transferred from the South-Eastern to this Area, thus reinforcing the Aldershot centre. The extension of Toc H in North Hants. and the Thames Valley has created a problem which had to be faced. Too extended in mileage at present to make feasible the creation of new districts, it is yet difficult to get together for District Committees and the numbers of representatives make business difficult. Bournemouth District, stretching over a long strip of coastline, had experimented with meeting as sections of the District Committee in alternate months. The scheme now adopted in these two Districts as a solution of their difficulties—the formation of five sub-Districts (strictly sub-committees of the District)—is only a preliminary step to carving out new Districts and not a permanent organisation. The Area Staff imploded recently on the Channel Islands. *Guernsey* is as good as ever—the Pilot visitor (not from this Area) has gone so far as to write and suggest that through the medium of the JOURNAL members generally should be encouraged to visit Guernsey, not merely for a delightful holiday, but to see Toc H there. Guernsey, while deprecating any suggestion that they have anything to teach Toc H, will welcome visitors with joy. *Jersey* looks as if it will now go ahead on equally sound lines. The islands are necessarily isolated and will always welcome Toc H from the overseas dependency of George V, Duke of Normandy. An increasing contribution is being made in the Area to the alleviation of the problem of unemployment. *Newbury* has now approached their Town Council with a scheme which received general support and will probably be duly launched. One or two Branches and Groups are developing personal work with men and boys who have got into trouble—some into the clutches of the law. This is essentially a Toc H job and should be encouraged wherever possible. It can only be undertaken, however, where the membership has really got hold of the essentials of Toc H and are inspired by the power of the Spirit. More and more District leaders are realising that Toc H cannot call itself a Power House until it is able to draw on this Source of all real power. The value of week-end trainings and informal conferences of District officers is becoming more apparent. Apart from work actually done on these occasions the development of the team spirit which results is invaluable.

Good news from Mark V! The house has its full complement and its finances at last seem to be reaching the stage when the budget may actually balance. This is a triumph for those responsible and has meant much patient hard work. Finance generally is brighter, in spite of hard times, and the prospects of a helpful Headquarters quota seem rosier.

The new Area Committee for 1933/4 is now in harness. Maj.-Gen. Sir Arnold Sillem is again Chairman and we welcome two new nominated members in Brigadier A. A. Goschen (B.G.R.A. Aldershot Command) and Squadron-Leader Gordon (Commanding R.A.F. Balloon Centre, Salisbury Plain). The members of the Area Committee are getting together for an informal week-end in October. The Area Festival, at which we welcome overseas members, is being held at Oxford on July 1/2 and promises an enjoyable and useful programme.

R. C. G.

THE QUARTERLY LIST OF TOC H HOUSES, BRANCHES AND GROUPS A.—IN THE BRITISH ISLES

Marks

MARK I.—24, Pembridge Gardens, W.2.	THE BROTHERS' HOUSE—119, Kennington Park Road, S.E.11.
" II.—123, St. George's Square, S.W.1.	MARK XIV.—1, Eccles Old Road, Salford, 6.
" III.—Church Crescent, S. Hackney, E.9.	" XV.—31, The Common, Woolwich, S.E.18.
" IV.—Upper Park Road, Victoria Park, Manchester, 14.	" XVI.—Redville, High Street, Swindon.
" V.—The Firs, Bassett, Southampton.	" XVIII.—Grainger Park Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne, 4.
" VI.—77, Clifford Street, Birmingham, 19.	" XIX.—The Red House, East Street, Leeds, 9.
" VII.—15, Fitzroy Square, W.1.	" XX.—67, Upper Richmond Road, S.W.15.
" VIII.—Christ Church Road, Pitsmoor, Sheffield, 3.	" XXI.—Graeme House, 228, Osmaston Road, Derby.
" IX.—31, St. Paul's Rd., Clifton, Bristol, 8.	" XXII.—95, Denmark Hill, S.E.5.
" XI.—44, Princess Road, Leicester.	

Other Houses

Clarendon House, Clarendon Street, Hull.	
Bleak House, 16, Rutland Street, Manchester, 15.	Gladstone House, 62, Rodney Street, Liverpool.
Shaw Royd, Halifax, Yorks.	Brotherton House, North Grange Road, Leeds, 6.
Shaftesbury Lodge, 20, Poole Road, Bournemouth.	Pierhead House, Wapping, E.1.
TALBOT HOUSE CLUB FOR SEA-FARING BOYS.—Brunswick Square, Southampton.	

Branches and Groups

BRANCHES are printed in capitals (with the year of promotion in brackets) ; *Groups* are in italics.

London Area

<i>London Secretary</i> : A. G. Churcher. <i>Assistant Secretary</i> : N. F. High, 47, Francis Street, S.W.1.	
<i>Area Padres</i> : Rev. J. R. Lewis, 95, Denmark Hill, S.E.5.	
Rev. D. J. Wallace, 5, Bartholomew Villas, Kentish Town, N.W.5.	
<i>Marks Padre</i> : Rev. E. R. Charlewood, c/o 47, Francis Street, S.W.1.	
NORTH LONDON DISTRICT : <i>Hon. Dist. Sec.</i> : A. H. C. Campbell, Woodlynch, 87, Hornsey Lane, N.6.	
<i>Crouch End</i> . HIGHGATE (1928-1935). ISLINGTON (1925). MUSWELL HILL (1930).	
NORTH MIDDLESEX DISTRICT : <i>Hon. Dist. Sec.</i> : F. Holland, 26, Hewish Road, N.18.	
<i>Bush Hill Park</i> . EDMONTON (1929). <i>Eastern Enfield</i> . ENFIELD (1927-1935). <i>Grange Park</i> .	
HACKNEY (1931). <i>Hackney South</i> . PALMERS GREEN (1931). <i>Southgate</i> . TOTTENHAM. <i>Tottenham North</i> .	
WOOD GREEN (1926).	
BARNET DISTRICT : <i>Hon. Dist. Sec.</i> : L. W. Hore, Dungen, Longmore Avenue, New Barnet, Herts.	
BARNET (1922-1935). FINCHLEY (1930-1935). NEW BARNET (1931). <i>Potters Bar and Little Heath</i> .	
<i>Whetstone</i> .	
FOREST DISTRICT : <i>Hon. Dist. Sec.</i> : H. Hockett, 12, Stainforth Road, E.17.	
BUCKHURST HILL (1931). <i>Highams Park</i> . LEYTON. LEYTONSTONE (1930). WALTHAMSTOW (1929).	
<i>Wanstead</i> . <i>Woodford</i> .	
TOWER HAMLETS DISTRICT : <i>Hon. Dist. Sec.</i> : L. Scarfe, 354, Old Ford Road, Bow, E.3.	
<i>Bethnal Green</i> . Bow. <i>Isle of Dogs</i> . POPLAR (1929). STEPNEY (1929). TOWER HILL (1932).	
THE HAMMERS DISTRICT : <i>Hon. Dist. Sec.</i> : C. H. Crabb, 193, Sherrard Road, Forest Gate, E.7.	
<i>Canning Town</i> . <i>Central Park</i> . EAST HAM (1931). <i>Stratford</i> . WEST HAM (1925).	
BECONTREE HUNDRED DISTRICT : <i>Hon. Dist. Sec.</i> : T. G. Farmer, 17, Glebe Way, Hornchurch, Essex.	
BARKING (1929). <i>Brentwood</i> . <i>Dagenham</i> . <i>Hornchurch</i> . ILFORD (1923). ROMFORD (1931). <i>Seven Kings</i> .	
SOUTH-EAST ESSEX DISTRICT : <i>Hon. Dist. Sec.</i> : G. H. Houghton, St. Mildred's, Castle Terrace, Rayleigh.	
<i>Bowers Gifford</i> . <i>Leigh-on-Sea</i> . RAYLEIGH (1930). SOUTHEND-ON-SEA (1927). <i>Stifford</i> . <i>Tilbury</i> .	
DOVER ROAD DISTRICT : <i>Hon. Dist. Sec.</i> : A. Dunk, Rostrevor, Erith Road, Belvedere, Kent.	
<i>Bexley</i> . <i>Charlton</i> . <i>Crayford</i> . DARTFORD (1932). <i>Erith and Belvedere</i> . <i>Gravesend</i> .	
<i>Mottingham</i> . SIDCUP (1929). WOOLWICH (1924).	

SOUTH-EAST LONDON DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec. :* H. Gell, 77, Tyrwhitt Road, Brockley, S.E.4.
BELLINGHAM (1929). *BROCKLEY* (1932). *Deptford*. *GREENWICH* (1929). *Lewisham*.
Rotherhithe. *SYDENHAM* (1931).

SOUTH LONDON DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec. :* S. Gynge, 9, Probyn Road, Tulse Hill, S.W.2.
Brixton. *Camberwell*. *Denmark Hill*. *DULWICH* (1929). *KENNINGTON* (1923). *North Lambeth*.
NORWOOD (1925-1935). *STREATHAM* (1925). *Tooting*. *Waltham*.

CROYDON DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec. :* W. Gill, Worcester House, Sanderstead Road, Sanderstead, Surrey.
CARSHALTON (1931). *Caterham*. *Coulsdon*. *CROYDON* (1924). *Mitcham*. *Shirley*. *South Croydon*.
Sutton. *St. Helier*. *Thornton Heath*. *Worlingham*. *West Croydon*.

SOUTH-WEST LONDON DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec. :* S. Hales, 23, Comyn Road, Clapham Junction, S.W.11.
BATTERSEA AND CLAPHAM (1926-1935). *MARK II* (1922). *Putney*. *Victoria*. *WANDSWORTH* (1929).
WIMBLEDON (1924).

KINGSTON DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec. :* G. A. Bamlet, 11, Copthall Gardens, Twickenham, Middlesex.
East Molesey. *KINGSTON AND SURBITON* (1925). *RICHMOND* (1927). *TWICKENHAM* (1929).

WEST LONDON DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec. :* G. W. Ashfield, 1, Chepstow Villas, W.11.
CHELSEA (1925). *FULHAM* (1929). *HAMMERSMITH* (1925). *MARK I* (1922). *Paddington South*.
South Kensington.

WEST MIDDLESEX DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec. :* A. P. Heath, 12, Alfred Road, W.3.
ACTON (1932). *Brentford*. *Denham*. *EALING* (1925). *Iver*. *Southall*. *UXBRIDGE* (1929).
West Drayton.

NORTH WATLING DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec. :* S. Spurdon, 9, Charlton Kings Road, N.W.5.
Camden Town. *GOLDERS GREEN* (1930). *Hampstead*. *KENTISH TOWN* (1932). *Kilburn*.
MAPLE (1929). *MARK VII* (1922). *Mill Hill*. *Red Lion Square*. *WATLING* (1932-1936).

SOUTH WATLING DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec. :* P. G. Wright, 67, Park Lane, South Harrow, Middx
HARLESDEN (1931-1935). *HARROW* (1933-1936). *Kingsbury*. *North Harrow*. *Ruislip*. *Wembley*.

Parliamentary

House of Commons : Major W. H. Carver, M.P., House of Commons, S.W.1.

South-Eastern Area

Area Secretary : C. G. Freeston, 47, Francis Street, S.W.1.
Area Padre : Rev. Gilbert Williams, 50, Westmorland Road, Bromley, Kent.

EAST SURREY DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec. :* G. C. Harris, 62, Worple Road, Epsom, Surrey.
Dorking. *LEATHERHEAD* (1932). *Oxted and Limpsfield*. *Reigate and Redhill*.

WEST SURREY DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec. :* J. F. Sanders, Bethia Cottage, New Road, Weybridge.
GODALMING (1928). *GUILDFORD* (1929). *Hersham*. *WEYBRIDGE* (1927). *WOKING* (1932-1935).

BROMLEY DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec. :* E. C. Williams, Lych Gate, Corfton Lane, Orpington, Kent.
BROMLEY (1924). *CHELSFIELD* (1930). *CHISLEHURST* (1932). *CUDHAM* (1926). *Green Street Green*.
Hayes and Park Langley. *KESTON* (1928). *Orpington*. *West Wickham*.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec. :* S. V. Berwick, 16, St. John's Hill, Sevenoaks, Kent.
Dunton Green. *East Grinstead*. *Rusthall*. *SEVENOAKS* (1929). *Southborough*. *Speldhurst*.
Tonbridge. *TUNBRIDGE WELLS* (1923). *WADHURST* (1933-1936).

CANTERBURY DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec. :* Dr. T. L. Fennell, Hatfield House, Chilham, Kent.
Broadstairs. *CANTERBURY* (1922). *East Kent Countrymen (Chilham, Molash, Wye Wings)*.
Herne Bay. *Ramsgate*. *St. Augustine's College*. *WHITSTABLE* (1928).

DOVER DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec. :* S. R. Sparling, 31, Albert Road, Hythe, Kent.
Aylesham. *Buckland (Dover)*. *Deal and Walmer*. *DOVER* (1928). *FOLKESTONE* (1928).
Hythe. *Lyminge*. *Maxton (Dover)*. *Sandwich*.

MAIDSTONE DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec. :* C. E. W. Selden, Shernold, London Road, Rainham, Kent.
Bearsted. *Gillingham*. *MAIDSTONE* (1922). *Preston Hall*. *RAINHAM* (1929). *Rochester*. *Sheerness*.
Sittingbourne. *WEST KENT COUNTRYMEN* (1924), (*East Farleigh, Eynesford, Offam, Platt, West Malling Wings*).

WEALD OF KENT DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec. :* T. Ridout, 5, Sackville Crescent, Ashford, Kent.
ASHFORD (1932). *Cranbrook*. *Hawkhurst*. *Tenterden*.

EAST SUSSEX DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec. :* S. E. A. Glynn, 11, Linton Crescent, Hastings, Sussex.
Battle. *BEXHILL* (1925). *HASTINGS* (1925). *Rye*.
Weald of Sussex Countrymen, (*Burwash, Flimwell, Stonegate, Ticehurst Wings*).

MID-SUSSEX DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec. :* E. L. J. Terry, Becksted, Victoria Drive, Eastbourne, Sussex.
BRIGHTON AND HOVE (1922). *EASTBOURNE* (1928). *Eastbourne Old Town*. *Haileham*.
Hurstpierpoint. *Kemp Town*. *LEWES* (1927). *Seaford*.

WEST SUSSEX DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec. :* E. R. Woolgar, 4, Crabtree Lane, Lancing, Sussex.
Chichester. *Horsham*. *Lancing College*. *PETWORTH* (1928). *SHOREHAM-BY-SEA* (1928). *Sleynning*.
WORTHING (1923).

Eastern Area

Area Secretary : R. E. Wraith, Cambridgeshire House, 7, Hills Road, Cambridge.
Area Padre : Rev. C. Marr, 82, Huntingdon Road, Cambridge.

EAST HERTFORDSHIRE DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec. :* J. Huckle, 141, Lord Street, Hoddesdon, Herts.
BROXBORNE (1926). *Goff's Oak*. *HERTFORD* (1931). *Waltham Cross*. *Ware*.

ST. ALBANS DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : R. E. C. Goddard, 15, Margaret Avenue, St. Albans.
Boreham Wood. London Colney. PARK STREET AND FROGMORE (1931). RADLETT (1925).
 ST. ALBANS (1928). *Welwyn Garden City.*

WEST HERTFORDSHIRE DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : O. Hager, Langdale, 5, Ashlyns Road, Berkhamsted.
Aylesbury. BERKHAMSTED (1932). Bushey and Oxhey. Halton R.A.F. WATFORD (1929).

LUTON DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : L. A. Roach, 81, Walsworth Road, Hitchin, Herts.
 BEDFORD (1926). *Dunstable. HARPENDEN (1926). HITCHIN (1931). KENSWORTH (1924).*
 LEIGHTON BUZZARD (1929). *Letchworth. LUTON (1925).*

COLCHESTER DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : F. A. Jacklin, 147, High Street, Colchester, Essex.
Burnham-on-Crouch. Chelmsford. CLACTON-ON-SEA (1928). DOVERCOURT (1930). Walton-on-the-Naze.
Witham.

EAST SUFFOLK DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : C. Lumkin, 47, Ipswich Road, Woodbridge, Suffolk.
 FELIXSTOWE (1928). *Framlingham. IPSWICH (1925). Leiston and District. Stowmarket.*
 WOODBRIDGE (1932).

WEST SUFFOLK DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : L. K. Calver, Market Place, Mildenhall, Bury St. Edmunds.
Bury St. Edmunds. Haverhill. Newmarket. SUDBURY (1932).

CAMBRIDGE DISTRICT (*Prov.*) : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : C. E. Picton Warlow, Button End, Harston, Cambs.
 CAMBRIDGE (1922-1936). *Papworth.*

NORWICH DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : H. Bray, 135, Beaconsfield Road, Norwich.
Bradwell. East Dereham. GREAT YARMOUTH (1927). Happisburgh. Holt. Lowestoft. NORWICH (1924).
Norwich Heigham.

UNATTACHED : *King's Lynn. Stony Stratford. WOLVERTON (1922).*

East Midlands and Lincolnshire Area

Area Secretaries : A. M. Cowling, Mark XI, 44, Princess Road, Leicester.
 E. Greasley, Toc H, Tokenhouse Yard, Bridlesmith Gate, Nottingham (*for North Mids.*).
Area Padres : Rev. R. G. Heawood, Mark XXI, 228, Osmaston Road, Derby (*for North Midlands*).
 Rev. P. Sands, Mark XI, 44, Princess Road, Leicester.

COALVILLE DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : J. M. Smith, Boswick, Bardon Road, Coalville, Leicestershire.
Ashby de la Zouch. BARDON HILL (1929). COALVILLE (1928). Ellistown. IBSTOCK (1932-1935).
Shepshed.

LEICESTER DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : F. G. Bailey, 12, Woodville Road, Leicester.
 ANSTEY (1932-1935). *BELGRAVE (1932). Blaby. Braunstone. HINCKLEY (1929).*
 LEICESTER (1922-1935). *LOUGHBOROUGH (1925-1933). MARKET HARBOUROUGH (1932).*
 MELTON MOWBRAY (1928).

MID-NORTHANTS. DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : R. Ward, 24, Park Road, Wellingborough, Northants.
Bozart. Desborough. Kettering. WELLINGBOROUGH (1932).

NORTHAMPTON DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : S. C. Willis, County Education Offices, Northampton.
 ABINGTON (1929). *NORTHAMPTON (1922).*

PETERBOROUGH DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : W. E. Long, Wentworth Chambers, Wentworth Street,
 Peterborough.
Boston. Deepings. Fletton. New England. Oundle. PETERBOROUGH (1931). Spalding.

DERBY DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : J. D. Poyser, 176, Burton Road, Derby.
Alvaston. Burton-on-Trent. DERBY CENTRAL (1922). Markeaton. Normanton. Quarndon.
 ROWDITCH (1930). *UTTOKETER (1930).*

EAST DERBYSHIRE DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : G. C. Sanders, Merville House, Howitt Road, Heanor, Notts.
 ALFRETON (1930). *Heanor. Ilkeston. Ripley.*

HIGH PEAK DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : S. B. Bower, 11, Grange Road, Buxton, Derbyshire.
Buxton. Chapel-en-le-Frith. CHESTERFIELD (1927).

NOTTINGHAM DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : E. N. Gray, 5, Patrick Road, West Bridgford, Notts.
 CARLTON (1929). *Hucknall. Kirkby-in-Ashfield. Long Eaton. Lowdham. Mansfield.*
 NOTTINGHAM (1924-1936). *SUTTON-IN-ASHFIELD (1928).*

UNATTACHED : *Workshop.*

Lincolnshire Division

GAINSBOROUGH DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : H. Sellars, Rothay Bungalow, Bigby Road, Brigg, Lincs.
 Blyton. *Brigg. MORTON (1929). SCUNTHORPE (1928).*

LINCOLN DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : C. A. Caley, 91, Grantham Road, Sleaford, Lincs.
 GRANTHAM (1924-1933). *LINCOLN (1923-1933). "Lindum." SLEAFORD (1922).*

SOUTH WOLD DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : G. Burwell, 18, Queen Street, Horncastle, Lincs.
 Coningsby. *HORNCASTLE (1932). LOUTH (1927). Market Rasen. SKEGNESS (1932). SPILSBY (1929).*
Sutton-on-Sea.

HUMBER DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : F. Janney, 6, Beeley Road, Cleethorpes, Lincs.
 Barrow-on-Humber. *BARTON-ON-HUMBER (1933-1936). Cleethorpes. GRIMSBY (1927).*
 South Ferriby.

West Midlands Area

- Area Secretary* : E. S. Lambert, Mark VI, 77, Clifford Street, Lozells, Birmingham, 19.
Area Padre : Rev. J. R. Palmer, Mark VI, 77, Clifford Street, Lozells, Birmingham, 19.
 BIRMINGHAM SOUTH DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : K. G. Lawrence, 32, Charles Road, Small Heath, Birmingham.
Acocks Green. Bearwood. Edgbaston. HARBORNE (1928). King's Heath. King's Norton. MOSELEY (1931-1936). SMALL HEATH (1932). Solihull. Yardley.
 BIRMINGHAM NORTH DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : A. C. Edwards, 60, Wellhead Lane, Perry Barr, B'gham. BIRMINGHAM (1922). *Charlemont. HANDSWORTH (1929). PERRY BARR (1932). Sandwell. Soho (Birmingham). Sutton Coldfield. WEST BROMWICH (1932). Yenton.*
 CANNOCK CHASE DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : S. Shaw, Havensholme, Bentley Drive, Walsall. CANNOCK (1929). *Lichfield. Rugeley. Stafford. WALSALL (1931).*
 WOLVERHAMPTON DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : A. L. Callow, 11, Broad Lane, Wolverhampton. *Bilston. CODSALL (1932). Hurst Hill. Low Hill. Pattingham. Short Heath. Wednesbury. WEDNESFIELD (1928). WILLENHALL (1931). WOLVERHAMPTON (1928).*
 SOUTH WARWICKSHIRE DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : A. J. Smith, 25, Alexander Road, Leamington Spa. *Banbury. Barford. Farnborough. Hampton Lucy. LADBROKE (1932). Leamington. Southam. Stratford-on-Avon.*
 NORTH WARWICKSHIRE DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : R. V. Collier, 30, Tower Road, Southfields, Rugby. *Atherstone. COVENTRY (1922). Nuneaton. RUGBY (1926).*
 STOURBRIDGE DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : J. Southall, 60, High Street, Lye, Worcestershire. *Dudley. (LYE 1931). STOURBRIDGE (1932).*

Experimental (Shrewsbury) Area

Area Secretary : G. Foster, The Oak House, Crowle, Worcestershire.

Shropshire and Worcestershire Division

- SHROPSHIRE DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : H. M. Pearson, 3, Ferrers Road, Oswestry, Salop. *Coalbrookdale. Market Drayton. NEWPORT (SALOP) (1932). OAKENGATES (1930). Oswestry. Shrewsbury.*
 WORCESTERSHIRE DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : C. R. Millett, 7, Manor Avenue, Kidderminster. *Evesham. KIDDERMINSTER (1931). WORCESTER (1931).*
 UNATTACHED : *Presteigne. Llandrindod Wells.*

North Wales Division

- CAERNARVON-ANGLESEY DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : R. Roberts, Brisbane, Moreton Road, Holyhead BANGOR (1932). *Holyhead.*
 FLINT-DENBIGH DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : A. Henstock, 16, King's Avenue, Rhyl. COLWYN BAY (1927). *Mold. Old Colwyn. Rhyl Central. Rhyl South. Ruthin.*

North-Western Area

- Area Secretary* : Arthur Lodge, Mark IV, Upper Park Road, Victoria Park, Manchester, 14.
Asst. Area Secretaries : I. Fraser, c/o Above address.
 C. Stevenson, Gladstone House, 62, Rodney Street, Liverpool.
 R. M. L. Westropp, Mark IV, Upper Park Road, Victoria Park, Manchester, 14.
Area Padres : Rev. H. Leggate, M.C., 252, King's Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester.
 Rev. M. E. Coleman, Mark XIV, 1, Eccles Old Road, Pendleton, Salford, 6.
 BOLTON DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : T. Lee, Maidencombe, Fleet Street, Horwich. *Ainsworth. BOLTON (1927). BURY (1932). FARNWORTH (1932). Horwich. Leigh. RAMSBOTTOM (1930).*
 EAST LANCs. DISTRICT (*Pro.*) : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : S. Carrington, Gas Works House, Cloughfold, Rossendale. *Accrington. BLACKBURN (1923). Rossendale.*
 FURNESS DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : K. Guy, 11, Lightburn Road, Ulverston. *Ashham. Barrow-in-Furness. Dalton-in-Furness. Ulverston.*
 LIVERPOOL DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : F. W. Cowan, 20, Ivernia Road, Walton, Liverpool. *Aintree. BOOTLE (1932). Isle of Man. LIVERPOOL (1922). WATERLOO (1927). Waverfiree.*
 MANCHESTER DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : W. S. Gilbert, 36, Ratcliffe Street, Levenshulme, Manchester. *Ancoats. Bradford (Manchester). Chorlton-cum-Hardy. Clayton. Gorton. HULME (1927). LEVENSHULME (1931). MANCHESTER (1922). Manchester City. Moston. Newton Heath. WITHINGTON (1932).*

MID-CHESHIRE DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : H. Breese, Morris Brook House, Grappenhall, Warrington.
 ALTRINCIAH (1924). *Bunbury. Crewe. Great Budworth. Nantwich. NORTHWICH* (1923). *Orford. Oughtlington. Thelwall. WARRINGTON* (1932).
 NORTH LANCASHIRE DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : N. Wood, 72, Newsham Road, Lancaster.
 BLACKPOOL (1929). *Fleetwood. Garstang. LANCASTER* (1929). *MORECAMBE* (1928).
 PRESTON (1932).
 NORTH STAFFS. DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : C. S. Phillips, 168, Dimsdale Parade, Wolstanton, Staffs.
 Congleton. Endon. Knypersley. Leek. Newcastle-under-Lyme. Shelton. STOKE-ON-TRENT (1922).
 Woolstanton.
 PENDLE DISTRICT (Provisional) : *Hon. District Secretary* : H. C. Wigley, 28, Church Street, Colne.
 Barnoldswick. Burnley. Colne. Earby. Nelson.
 ST. HELENS DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : H. D. L. Barton, 61, Liverpool Road, Birkdale, Southport.
 Eccleston. Newton-in-Makerfield. Ormskirk. Prescott. ST. HELENS (1927). SOUTHPORT (1926).
 Sutton-cum-Parr. Widnes. Wigan.
 SALFORD DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : A. Holland, 19, Victoria Road, Irlam, Lancs.
 Cheetham. Eccles. Irlam. SALFORD (1923). Swinton. Urmston. Weaste.
 STOCKPORT DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : F. Greaves, 24, Clifton Drive, Gatley, Cheshire.
 BRAMHALL (1932). Cheadle. Cheadle Hulme. Heaton Moor. Macclesfield.
 POYNTON (1928). Reddish. STOCKPORT (1923).
 TANDLE HILL DISTRICT (Provisional) : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : G. Leach, Westwood, Lowerfold, Rochdale.
 Heywood. OLDHAM (1932). ROCHDALE (1932).
 WEST CHESHIRE DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : A. Rosser, 5, Park Avenue, Wallasey.
 BIRKENHEAD (1929). Chester. Chester College. Hoylake and West Kirby. WALLASEY (1932).
 EAST WESTMORLAND DISTRICT : (Prov.) : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : (actg.) W. B. PUNCHARD, Sommerdall, Holme, Carnforth.
 Kirkby Lonsdale. Kirkby Stephen. SEDBERGH (1928). *Ravensstondale.*
 LAKE DISTRICT : (Provisional) : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : L. Pablo, 2, Woodland Road, Windermere.
 Burneside. Hawkshead. STAVELEY (1929). WINDERMERE (1923).
 SOUTH WESTMORLAND DISTRICT : (Provisional) : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : W. Jones, School House, Endmoor.
 Arncliffe. Endmoor. Flookburgh. Grange. KENDAL (1928).
 UNATTACHED : *Hawarden Test School.*

Yorkshire Area

Area Headquarters : Brotherton House, North Grange Road, Headingley, Leeds, 6.
Area Pilot and Secretary : M. C. Callis, Area Headquarters.
Asst. Area Secretary : L. Wheatley, Area Headquarters.
Area Pilot : R. H. Staton, Hull; (from August) Mark VIII., Sheffield.
Area Padres : Rev. A. St. G. Colthurst, Area Headquarters.
 Rev. R. J. Davies, Clarendon House, Clarendon Street, Hull.
 CENTRAL YORKS DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : N. W. Jackson, Church Lane, Ripon, Yorks.
 Bedale. Boroughbridge. East Keswick. HARROGATE (1933-1936). *Knaresborough.* RIPON (1932).
 CRAVEN NORTH DISTRICT (Prov.) : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : N. G. Vaulkhard, Woodville, Harewood Road, Skipton.
 Grassington. Settle. SKIPTON (1931).
 CRAVEN SOUTH DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : W. P. Walker, 35, Church Street, Bingley.
 Bingley. Bradford East. Ilkley. KEIGHLEY (1930).
 EBOR DISTRICT (Provisional) : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : M. E. Hornby, Eden House, Westgate, Pickering, Yorks.
 Malton. Pickering. YORK (1925).
 HALIFAX DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : S. Burnett, 1 Platt Street, Liversedge, Yorks.
 DEWSBURY (1925). HALIFAX (1922). SPEN VALLEY (1922).
 HUDDERSFIELD DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : Col. C. H. Wood-Hill, Rawthorpe Hall, Huddersfield.
 BRIGHOUSE (1927). Holmfirth. Honley. HUDDERSFIELD (1922). *Kirkburton. Marsh. Meltham. Paddock.*
 HULL DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : W. B. Chester, Little Weighton, near Hull.
 Anlaby. BEVERLEY (1928). COTTINGHAM (1929). HULL (1922). *Newington. Newland. North Ferriby. Willerby.*
 LEEDS DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : H. Illingworth, 28, Strathmore Drive, Harehills, Leeds.
 Brotherton House. Burley. Harehills. Horsforth. Hunslet. LEEDS (1923). *Leeds Central. Leeds University.*
 OUSE DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : S. J. Cochrane, York House, Brayton Road, Selby, Yorks.
 Cawood. GOOLE (1925). Howden. Selby.
 ROTHERHAM AND MEXBORO' DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : J. J. McCormick, 7, Oates Street, Rotherham.
 Arksey. Conisborough. DONCASTER (1926). *Mexborough. Rawmarsh.* ROTHERHAM (1923). *Wadworth.*
 SHEFFIELD DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : W. D. Mather, 15, Leopard Street, Sheffield, 3.
 Eccleshall. Ecclesfield. Greneside. Hillsborough. Hope. KIMBERWORTH (1932). SHEFFIELD (1922).
 WEST SHEFFIELD (1927). Southey.
 WAKEFIELD DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : H. Brown, Windyridge, Carlton Road, Pontefract.
 Airedale. BARNLEY (1932). Hensworth. Morley. Osselt. Pontefract. WAKEFIELD (1932).
 WHITBY DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : H. Galleway, St. Mark's, Upgang Lane, Whitby.
 Boulby. Hinderwell. Sandsend. Sleights. WHITBY (1926).
 UNATTACHED : BRIDLINGTON (1928). Retford. SCARBOROUGH (1927).

Northern Area

Area Secretary : P. H. Ketnor, Mark XVIII, Grainger Park Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne, 4.
Area Padre : (until September) Rev. Sam Davis ; (from September) Rev. P. W. Baldwin, address as above.
CARLISLE DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : W. Ross, 31, Brunswick Place, Penrith, Cumberland.
 BRAMPTON (1933-1936). CARLISLE (1928). *Dalston. Gretna. Keswick.* PENRITH (1932). *Wigton.*
CLEVELAND DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : W. H. Potter, Sunniside, Elgin Avenue, Grangetown, Yorks.
 ESTON (1928). GRANGETOWN (1927). GUISBOROUGH (1932). REDCAR (1932). *Sallburn.*
 SOUTH BANK (1925). *Warrenby.*
DARLINGTON DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : H. L. Snaith, Mardycke, West Crescent, Darlington.
Bishop Auckland. Darlington (1929). Northallerton. Richmond. Spennymoor.
DURHAM DISTRICT (Prov.) : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : J. Lister, 19, Old Elvet, Durham.
 DURHAM (1922).
EAST TYNE DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : H. Green, 10, Larch Avenue, Cleadon Estate, South Shields.
Hebburn. NORTH SHIELDS (1931). SOUTH SHIELDS (1924). SUNDERLAND (1931). Tyne Dock.
Whitley Bay.
MID-DURHAM DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : H. Grierson, 22, Stratford Terrace, Consett.
Blackhill. Burnhope. CONSETT (1931). Craghead. Stanley. Tanfield.
MID-NORTHUMBERLAND DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : E. Bainbridge, 3, First Row, Ashington.
 ASHINGTON (1932). MORPETH (1928).
NEWCASTLE DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : C. Thom, 54, Wolveleigh Terrace, Gosforth, Newcastle.
 GATESHEAD (1924). *Jesmond. NEWCASTLE (1924). Newcastle Stepney. Throckley.*
SOUTH DURHAM DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : H. A. Ray, 56, Windsor Road, Stockton-on-Tees.
Billingham. Hartlepool. MIDDLESBROUGH (1922). Seaham Harbour. STOCKTON AND THORNABY
(1932). WEST HARTLEPOOL (1926).
WEST CUMBERLAND DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : J. J. Hendren, 20, Mason Street, Workington, Cumberland.
Aspatria. Cockermouth. Whitehaven. Workington.
UNATTACHED : *Berwick-on-Tweed. Wooler.*

Southern Area

Area Secretary : Lt.-Col. R. C. Grant, O.B.E., 47, Francis Street, S.W.1.
Area Padre : Rev. G. W. Evans, Mark V, Bassett, Southampton.
Warden, Talbot House Sea-faring Boys' Club (Southampton) : J. H. Clark.
BOURNEMOUTH DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : L. A. Diamond, 179, Alma Road, Bournemouth.
 BOLDRE (1929). BOURNEMOUTH (1925-1935). *Christchurch. Milford-on-Sea. PARKSTONE (1929).*
Poole. WINTON (1932).
CHANNEL ISLANDS : *Hon. Liaison Sec.* : F. W. Bush, jnr., Wethersfield, Guelles Road, Guernsey, C.I.
 GUERNSEY (1930-1935). *Jersey.*
EAST DORSET DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec. (acting)* : F. J. Hart, 8, Old Road, Wimborne.
Ringwood. SPETISBURY-CUM-CHARLTON (1927). SWANAGE (1931). Verwood. WEST MOORS (1928).
WIMBORNE (1924).
ISLE OF WIGHT DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : J. P. Corbett, Furzefields, Totland Bay, I.O.W.
Bembridge. COWES & E. COWES (1929). NEWPORT & CARISBROOKE (1931-1935). Ryde. West Wight.
NORTH HAMPSHIRE DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : H. C. Dunnett, Adastral House, Hartley Wintney, Hants.
Sandhurst, R.M.C.
NORTH HANTS. WEST SUB-DISTRICT : *Hon. Sec.* : K. S. Dykes, 12, Balmoral Road, Andover.
Andover. BASINGSTOKE (1931). HARTLEY WINTNEY (1933-1936). Newbury.
NORTH HANTS. EAST SUB-DISTRICT : *Hon. Sec.* : Cpl. Ironside, Royal Tank Corps, Mechanical
 Warfare Experimental Establishment, Farnborough.
Aldershot Command (Aldershot, Blackdown and Borden Wings). Farnborough. Farnham. Tongham.
PORTSMOUTH DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : J. S. Cox, 13, Worsley Road, Southsea.
Cowplain. Hayling Island. MILTON AND EASTNEY (1933-1936). Northend. Old Portsmouth.
PORTSMOUTH (1929).
SOUTHAMPTON DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : R. G. Downie, 12, Portswood Park, Southampton.
Beaulieu. Eastleigh. Fawley and Calshot. SOUTHAMPTON (1922). SOUTHAMPTON DOCK HOUSE
(1930-1935). South Stoneham House. WOOLSTON (1925).
THAMES VALLEY DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : S. Morton, 226, Desborough Road, High Wycombe.
THAMES VALLEY SOUTH SUB-DISTRICT : *Hon. Sec.* : W. Earl, Anzac, Meadfield Road, Langley, Bucks.
Eton College. Maidenhead. READING (1924). Runnymede. SLOUGH (1932). Windsor.
THAMES VALLEY NORTH SUB-DISTRICT : *Hon. Sec.* : S. Morton, address as above.
Beaconsfield. High Wycombe. Marlow.
OXFORD SUB-DISTRICT : *Hon. Sec.* : J. Honey, 7, Parks Road, Oxford.
Abingdon. Cowley. OXFORD (1922). Witney.
UNATTACHED : *Netheravon. SALISBURY (1925). Shrewton.*

South Western Area

- Hon. Commissioner* : Major R. O. Jourdain, Langford, Bow, Devon.
Hon. Asst. Area Sec. : J. W. Fox, 7, College Road, Newton Abbot, Devon.
Area Padre : Rev. Norman Knock, Westwell, New Road, Brixham, Devon.
- EAST DEVON DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : L. W. Maddicks, 33, Pennsylvania Road, Exeter.
Brixham. EXETER (1922). Exmouth. Newton Abbot. Paignton. Teignmouth. TIVERTON (1931). Torquay.
- WEST DEVON DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : E. A. Holwill, 27, South Street, Torrington, Devon.
Bideford. Lynton. Torrington.
- SOUTH SOMERSET DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : S. Vaux, Wigborough Manor, South Petherton, Som.
Axminster. CREWKERNE (1931). Ilminster. Marlock. SHERBORNE (1931). South Petherton. YEovil (1928).
- WEST CORNWALL DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : J. B. Treglown, 22, Chapel Street, Penzance.
FALMOUTH (1930-1936). PENZANCE (1928-1936). Redruth. TRURO (1929).
- WEST DEVON DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : Rear-Admiral R. Bryan, Garfield, Tavistock.
Devonport. PLYMOUTH (1926). TAVISTOCK (1929).
- WEST DORSET DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : A. J. Brown, Meteren, Dorchester Road, Weymouth.
BRIDPORT (1928). Burton Bradstock. Lyme Regis. Portland. WEYMOUTH (1932).
- WEST SOMERSET DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : L. H. Trelcase, 50, Mantle Street, Wellington, Som.
Bridgwater. Burnham-on-Sea. Minehead. North Petherton. TAUNTON (1923). WELLINGTON (1932-1936)

Western Area

- Area Secretary* : A. S. Greenacre, 29, St. Paul's Road, Clifton, Bristol, 8.
Area Padre : Rev. H. F. Sawbridge, M.C., "Heathercliff," Goodeve Road, Stoke Bishop, Bristol, 9.
- BATH AND BRISTOL DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : J. F. Parsons, 98, Winchester Road, Brislington, Bristol.
BATH (1926). BRISLINGTON (1933-1936). BRISTOL (1922-1934). Fishponds. Street. Trowbridge.
- GLOUCESTER DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : A. J. Westbury, Lyndhurst, King Edward's Avenue, Gloucester.
Bishops Cleeve. CHELTENHAM (1922). Cinderford. Dursley. GLOUCESTER (1928). Hartpury
- STROUD DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : S. E. Tanner, 23, New Church Street, Tetbury, Glos.
Cirencester. Painswick. Pitchcombe. Stroud. Tetbury.
- SWINDON DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : F. B. Morris, 11, Walcot Road, Swindon, Wilts.
Chippenham. Hungerford. Marlborough. Melksham. SWINDON (1922-1935)

South Wales

- Hon. Commissioner, West Wales* : Lt.-Col. L. H. Higgon, M.C., D.L., Scolton, Treffgarne, Pembs.
Area Secretary : J. Burford, Toc H, Insurance Buildings, New Street, Cardiff.
- CARDIFF DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : J. B. Price Hughes, 85c, Holton Road, Barry, Glam.
BARRY (1930-1936). CARDIFF (1922-1936). Llandaff. Penarth. Riverside (Cardiff).
- MID-GLAMORGAN DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : N. Williams, 24, Ynys Street, Port Talbot, Glam.
Bridgend. Cowbridge. Llanharan. MAESTEG (1925). Pontyclun. PORT TALBOT (1928-1936).
- MONMOUTHSHIRE DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : J. Hayton, Imara, Hospital Road, Pontnewynydd, Pontypool.
Abertillery. Blaenavon. Chepstow. Ebbw Vale. NEWPORT (MON.) (1929). PONTYPOOL (1932). Tredegar.
- NORTH GLAMORGAN DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : E. V. Thomas, Gwyndre, Tyfica Road, Pontypridd.
ABERDARE (1933-1936). Abernant. Llantwit-Vardre. Merthyr Tydfil. Mountain Ash. Porth. Pentre. Pontypridd. Treclaw. Trecynon. Treorchy.
- RHYMNEY VALLEY DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : J. Ll. Lloyd, 35, Ashgrove, The Graig, Hengoed, Glamorgan.
Bargoed. Caerphilly. Llanbradach. Treharris. Ystrad Mynach.
- SWANSEA DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : M. H. Davies, 21, Pleasant Place, Morriston, Glamorgan.
Burry Port. Llansamlet. MORRISTON (1931-1936). NEATH (1931-1936). Resolven. SWANSEA (1930).
- WEST WALES DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : Lt.-Col. L. H. Higgon, M.C., D.L., address as above.
Aberystwyth. Fishguard. Lampeter. Pontrhydfendigaid.

Scotland

- Area Secretary* : R. Sawers, M.C., 58, West Regent Street, Glasgow, C.2.
- ABERDEENSHIRE DISTRICT (*Provisional*) : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : Malcolm Smith, 86, Hamilton Place, Aberdeen.
ABERDEEN (1929). Peterhead.
- AYRSHIRE DISTRICT (*Prov.*) : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : R. Fawcett, 19, Marlborough Road, Cathcart, Glasgow.
Ayr. Irvine. Kilmarnock. Saltcoats.
- CAITHNESS DISTRICT (*Provisional*) : *Hon. Dist. Sec. (acting)* : I. McHardy, Randolph Place, Wick.
Wick.
- EDINBURGH DISTRICT (*Provisional*) : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : R. B. Macmillan, 36, Mayfield Terrace, Edinburgh.
EDINBURGH (1922).

FALKIRK DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : A. E. Thomson, Redding House, Polmont, Stirlingshire.
Bonnybridge. Denny. Falkirk East. Falkirk South. Falkirk West. Grangemouth. Hags.
Larbert. Polmont.
 GLASGOW DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : L. A. Cameron, 348, Lincoln Avenue, Glasgow. W.3.
Cathcart. GLASGOW (1922). GOVAN (1929). Maryhill. Partick. Pollock. Polmadie.
 LANARKSHIRE DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : H. K. Walker, Thorndene, Auchingramont Road, Hamilton.
Airdrie. Blantyre. Carluke. HAMILTON (1931). Lanark. Larkhall. Motherwell. Uddingston. Wishaw.
 EAST RENFREWSHIRE DISTRICT (*Prov.*) : *Hon. Dist. Sec. (acting)* : R. Fawcett, address as above.
Johnstone. Paisley. Renfrew.
 WEST RENFREWSHIRE DISTRICT (*Prov.*) : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : J. Kinniburgh, 28, Patrick Street, Greenock.
Gourock. GREENOCK (1928).
 UNATTACHED : *Aberlour. Arbroath. Dundee. Dunfermline. Invergordon. Inverness. Perth.*

Ireland

NORTHERN AREA : *Area Secretary* : The North-Western Area Secretary (Manchester).
Deputy Secretary to Area Executive : R. M. Kimber, Ocean Buildings, Donegal Square East, Belfast.
 BELFAST DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : J. Allen, 86, Great Victoria Street, Belfast.
Bangor. BELFAST CENTRAL (1924). Bridge End. Carrickfergus. Cranmore. DUNCAIRN (1932). Knock.
Larne. Ormeau. Portadown. Queen's University.
 UNATTACHED : *Armagh. Lurgan. ATTACHED TEMPORARILY TO NORTHERN AREA : Dublin.*

Royal Navy

Hon. Commissioner : Communications to 47, Francis Street, London, S.W.1.
H.M.S. Courageous (Circle) : L. C. W. Penney, H.Q. Flight, R.A.F., H.M.S. Courageous, c/o G.P.O., London.
 FLEET SECRETARIES :
Home Fleet : L/Sea. H. S. Weir, 36, Mess, H.M.S. Rodney, c/o G.P.O., London.
China Fleet : L/Sea. G. Cumberworth, H.M.S. Medway, c/o G.P.O., London.
Mediterranean Fleet : W.O. G. W. Potter, H.M.S. Curlew, Malta.
 NAVAL CORRESPONDENTS :
Devonport : W. T. Flemington, 14, Foliot Avenue, North Prospect, Plymouth.
Portsmouth : Commissioned Gunner H. C. Skinner, 97, Francis Avenue, Southsea.
The Nore (Chatham) : H. J. Harvey, Narborough, Century Road, Rainham, Kent.
The Nore (Sheerness) : R. W. Susans, 41, Invicta Road, Sheerness, Kent.
Weymouth : S. J. Herbert, 5, St. Thomas Street, Weymouth.
Bombay : Rev. Stanley Clapham, The Seamen's Mission, Bombay.
Calcutta : J. M. Wright, Toc H, Mark I (India), 2/2, Lansdowne Road, Calcutta.
Colombo : A. Gammon, O.B.E., P.O. Box 70, Colombo, Ceylon.
Gibraltar : J. J. Miller, Y.M.C.A., Main Street, Gibraltar.
Hong Kong : R. A. Gould (L.S.A.6), Central Police Station, Hong Kong, China.
Karachi : H. Browne, 2, Bath Island Road, Karachi, India.
Madras : J. A. Mickerson, Wm. Jacks & Co., 32, Ichangir Street, George Town, Madras.
Malta : A. Steele-Greig, King Edward VII. Sailors' Home, Floriana, Malta.
Shanghai : L. G. Day, Shanghai Power Co., Shanghai, China.

Royal Air Force.

Hon. Commissioner : Squadron Leader C. F. Gordon, R.A.F. Balloon Centre, Rolleston Camp, Salisbury.

B—OVERSEAS

Honorary Overseas Commissioners :

OVERSEAS OFFICE : 42, Trinity Square, London, E.C.3.

Hon. Chief Commissioner : Rev. H. B. Ellison.

Secretary : Major Paul Slessor.

Australia : Col. Sir William R. Campion, K.C.M.G.

Burma : Colonel H. Medicott, D.S.O.

Ceylon : Clifford Figg.

China : E. Manico Gull.

India : J. H. Lindsay, I.C.S.

Kenya and Uganda : J. G. Stutfield.

Migration : Major W. J. Spurrell, D.S.O., M.C.,
and F. E. Sargood.

Malaya : H. W. Thomson, C.M.G.

Rhodesia : C. B. Kingston, M.I.M.M.

South America : G. H. Harrison, C.M.G., and
Roger Wright.

Tanganyika : Major Stuart Akers.

"The Old House"

TALBOT HOUSE, Rue de l'Hopital, Poperinghe, Belgium.

Marks

MARK I (C).—178, Colony Street, Winnipeg. MARK I (U.S.A.).—1324 Eighteenth St., Washington, D.C.

„ II (C).—614, Huron Street, Toronto, 5. „ II (U.S.A.).—907, Clinton Street, Philadelphia.

„ I (India).—2/2, Lansdowne Road, Calcutta. „ I (S.Am).—Chacabuco 723, Buenos Aires.

MARK I (Aust.).—Edward House, Brunswick Road, Albany, W.A.

Branches and Groups

CANADA

EASTERN CANADA REGION : *Hon. Asst. Adminr.* : Dr. H. Wasteneys, 20, Howland Avenue Toronto.

Padre : Rev. A. T. F. Holmes, Mark II (C), 614, Huron Street, Toronto, 5.

Hon. Secretary : Russell Smith, 4941 Cote de Neiges Road, Montreal.

MONTREAL DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : A. A. Grove, 105, St. James Street, W. Montreal.

MONTREAL CENTRAL (1929). *Montreal West End.* *Quebec City.* *Sherbrooke Wing.*

ST. LAMBERT (1932). *Verdun.*

NIAGARA DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : O. H. Menzel, 90, Charlton Avenue W., Hamilton, Ont.

Guelph. *Hamilton.*

OTTAWA DISTRICT (*Prov.*) : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : J. W. Glass, 89, Sunnyside Avenue, Ottawa, Ont.

Ottawa.

TORONTO DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : F. Oliver, 614, Huron Street, Toronto.

Huron (Toronto). TORONTO (1925). YORK (TORONTO) (1932). *Toronto North.* *Toronto West.*

Yotoch (Toronto).

MANITOBA : *Hon. Registrar* : H. B. Shaw, 236, Roslyn Road, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Elmwood. ST. JAMES (1929). WINNIPEG (1922).

SASKATCHEWAN : *Hon. Registrar* : Lt.-Col. W. E. Seaborn, Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan.

Lashburn. LOVERNA (1931). MOOSE JAW (1929). *Prince Albert.* *Regina.* *Saskatoon.*

ALBERTA : *Hon. Asst. Adminr.* : A. G. A. Clowes, 320, Twenty Fifth Avenue West, Calgary.

Hon. Secretary : L. J. Rosling, 1911, Fourth Street West, Calgary.

Calgary. *Edmonton.* *Hillhurst.* *Innisfail.*

BRITISH COLUMBIA : *Hon. Asst. Adminr.* : Lt.-Col. M. H. Tristram, The Rock, Whytecliffe, West Vancouver.

Hon. Secretary : L. E. Munn, 4962, Granville Street, Vancouver, B.C.

Chilliwack. KELOWNA (1932). *Nelson.* *Penticton.* *Prince Rupert.* *Trail.*

VANCOUVER (1927). *Vancouver North.* VICTORIA (1930).

NEWFOUNDLAND

St. John's : C. Cluny Nicol, 55, Parade Street, St. John's.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

U.S.A. Headquarters : Toc H, 1324, Eighteenth Street, Washington, D.C.

Hon. Registrar (acting) : D. Morganthau. *Padre* : Rev. J. de W. Hubbard.

Andover. *Baltimore.* *Boston.* *Manhattan.* PHILADELPHIA (1929). WASHINGTON (1927).

WEST INDIES

Antigua : A. McDonald, St. John's, Antigua.

Kingston : L. R. Mordecai, P.O. Box 263, Kingston, Jamaica, West Indies.

SOUTH AMERICA

ARGENTINE REPUBLIC : *Hon. Registrar* : W. J. Lake Lake, 430, Bme. Mitre, Buenos Aires.

Bahia Blanca. BUENOS AIRES (1923). *Group I* (Ernest Shackleton). *Group III* (Western Suburbs).

BRAZIL : RIO DE JANEIRO (1929) : W. C. M. Hill, Caixa Postal 252.

SAO PAULO (1930) : F. L. Rowland, Caixa Postal 81.

CHILE : *Hon. Gen. Secretary* : E. S. Cridge, c/o Anglo-South American Bank, Casilla 5v, Valparaiso.

Antofagasta. *Concepcion*. *Iquique*. SANTIAGO DE CHILE (1931). VALPARAISO (1929).

INDIA

COUNCIL IN INDIA AND BURMA : *Hon. Sec.* : J. F. Ormiston, Mark I (I), 2/2, Lansdowne Road, Calcutta.

Padre : Rev. F. W. Baggallay, address as above.

AGRA (1933-1935). *Belgaum*. *Bombay I*. *Bombay II*. CALCUTTA (1929). *Calcutta*. *Jubbulpore*. *Simla-New Delhi*.

BURMA REGION : *Hon. Secretary* : B. P. Cristall, 13, Churchill Avenue, Rangoon.

Chauk. *Mandalay*. *Maymyo*. *Rangoon*. *Yenangyaung*.

NORTH WESTERN REGION : *Hon. Secretary* : Dr. R. J. H. Cox, Afghan Mission Hospital, Peshawar.

Ferozepore Wing. *Karachi*. *Kohat Wing*. *Lahore*. *Peshawar*. *Rawalpindi*. *Risalpur Wing*.

SOUTHERN INDIA REGION : *Headquarters* : Toc H House, Landon's Gardens, Kilpauk, Madras.

Hon. Secretary : S. G. Harrison, c/o Parry & Co., Madras.

MADRAS (1927). *Secunderabad*. *Trichinopoly*. *Wellington*.

MIDDLE AND FAR EAST

Abadan (*Persia*) : W. H. Rackham, No. 134 Bungalow, Abadan, Persian Gulf.

Aden : L. E. Russon, R.A.F. Hospital, Steamer Point, Aden, South Arabia.

Baghdad-Hinaiidi (*Iraq*) : W. D. Raymond, 5, Southgate, Baghdad, Iraq.

COUNCIL FOR CEYLON : *Hon. Secretary* : A. Gammon, O.B.E., P.O. Box 70, Colombo.

COLOMBO (1927-1935). *Kandy*. *Polwattee*.

MALAYAN BRANCH (1924) : A. J. Willis, Headquarters, R.A.F. Base, Singapore, S.S.

Kuala Lumpur Wing. *Singapore Wing*. *Taiping Wing*.

Mauritius : E. M. Payne, Floreal, Mauritius.

AUSTRALIA

Federal Council H.Q. : 476, Collins Street, Melbourne, C.1. Victoria.

Hon. General Secretary for Australia : C. H. Brock, address as above.

Hon. Federal Padres : Revs. P. W. Baldwin, H. S. Brumwell, E. E. Hines, C. E. Butler, address as above.

NEW SOUTH WALES : *Hon. State Padre* : Rev. E. E. Hines, address as above.

Hon. State Registrar : K. E. Edmondson, 5, Hamilton Street, Sydney.

Chatswood. COBAR (1932). *Dubbo*. *Marrickville*. *Mayfield*. *Mittagong*. NEWCASTLE (1927).

Portland. *Randwick*. *Rockley*. *Roseville*. *Stockton*. SYDNEY CENTRAL (1931). *Sydney North*.

Wallerawang.

QUEENSLAND : *Hon. State Sec.* : F. G. Loney, Public Works Dept., Treasury Bldgs., George St., Brisbane.

Hon. State Padres : Rev. H. S. Brumwell, Methodist Parsonage, West End, Brisbane.

Rev. W. P. B. Miles, St. Luke's Hall, Charlotte Street, Brisbane.

Ayr. *Boonah*. BRISBANE (1929). *Maryborough*. *Mt. Morgan*. *Newmarket*. *Rockhampton*. *Townsville*.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA : *State Registrar* : W. A. Cave, Selborne Chambers, Pirie Street, Adelaide.

Hon. State Padre : Rev. D. J. Morris, Woodville Road, Woodville.

Adelaide East. ADELAIDE CENTRAL (1927). *Blackwood*. *Glenelg*. *Hog Bay* (*Kangaroo Islands*).

Kadina-Kimba. *Magill*. *Mannum*. *Medindie*. *Mount Barker* (S.A.). *Norwood*. PAYNEHAM (1929).

Peterborough. *Port Adelaide*. *Riverton*. *St. Peter's*. *Snowtown*. *Thebarton*. *The Grange*.

UNLEY (1930). *Woodville*.

TASMANIA : *Hon. State Secretary* : Major G. F. W. Echlin, O.B.E., G.P.O., Box 2d, Hobart.

Bellerive. *Bracknell*. *Burnie*. *Derwent*. *Devonport*. HOBART (1929). *Latrobe*.

LAUNCESTON (1932). *Mersey*. *Moonah*. *Sheffield*. *Smithton*. *Tamar*. *Ulverstone*. *Winkleigh*.

VICTORIA : *Hon. State Secretary* : A. Fear, 476, Collins Street, Melbourne, C.1.

State Padre : Rev. P. W. Baldwin (*in England*).

Albert Park. *Albury* (N.S.W.). *Ballarat*. *Brighton*. *Brunswick*. *Canterbury*. *Collingwood*.

Deepdene. *Essendon*. GEELONG (1932). *Geelong West*. *Hamilton*. *Hawthorn*. *Heidelberg*.

Kew. *Malvern*. MELBOURNE CITY (1927). MELBOURNE METROPOLITAN (1928). *Moe*.

Mont Albert. *Morwell*. *North Melbourne*. *Sandringham*. *South Yarra*. *Terang*. WARRNAMBOOL (1931).

WESTERN AUSTRALIA : *State Secretary* : J. C. A. Watts, G.P.O. Box E 202, Perth, W.A.
 ALBANY (1930). Albany. Bayswater. Beverley. Bridgetown. Bunbury. CLAREMONT (1930).
 Collesloe. Denmark. FREMANTLE (1929). Geraldton. GUILDFORD (1928). Gnowangerup.
 Kalamunda. Kalgoorlie. KATANNING (1930). Kelmscott. Merredin. Mount Barker (W.A.).
 Narrogin. Northam. Nungarin. PERTH (1927). Pingelly. Subiaco. Trayning. Victoria Park.
 Wyalkatchem. York.

NEW ZEALAND

Dominion Hon. Padre : Rev. O. W. Williams, M.C., P.O. Box 1241, Christchurch.
Dominion Hon. Secretary : W. Maxwell, address as above.
 Auckland. Auckland (North Shore). CHRISTCHURCH (1929). Hawera. Hutt
 Valley. Invercargill. Kelburn. Little River. Mount Eden. NELSON (1932). New Plymouth.
 Papanui. Rangitikei. Timaru. Wainea. Waipukurau. Wanganui. WELLINGTON (1926).

SOUTHERN AFRICA

Honorary H.Q. Commissioner : Sir Herbert Stanley, G.C.M.G., High Commissioner's Office, Cape Town.
H.Q. Staff lent to Southern Africa : Rev. O. S. Watkins, C.M.G., C.B.E.
Secretary, Southern African Council : G. R. R. Martin, c/o H. G. Wood, Box 976, Cape Town.
 EASTERN PROVINCE : *Hon. Area Secretary* : H. W. Moulang, 122, Oxford Street, East London.
 Addo. ADELAIDE, E.P. (1930). Alexandria. ALICE (1927). Bathurst. Bedford. CRADOCK
 (1930). East London. FORT BEAUFORT (1929). GRAHAMSTOWN (1927). Indwe. KEISKAMA HOEK (1925).
 Kingwilliamstown. Mortimer. Port Alfred. PORT ELIZABETH (1929). Queenstown. Shaw Park.
 Somersdorp East. Tarkastad. Umtata.
 NATAL : *Hon. Area Secretary* : R. V. V. Cullen, P.O. Box 1547, Durban.
 COASTAL DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : E. C. Gilbert, 92, Hunt Road, Durban.
 Berea. DURBAN (1927). ESCOMBE (1929). HILLARY (1928). MALVERN (1930).
 Pinetown. Umbilo. VERULAM (1929).
 MIDLANDS DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : K. J. Martin, P.O. Box 291, Pietermaritzburg.
 Howick. New Hanover. PIETERMARITZBURG CENTRAL (1929). PIETERMARITZBURG CITY (1929).
 Richmond.
 NORTHERN DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : W. D. Mairs, P.O. Box 68, Ladysmith.
 Escourt. LADYSMITH (1930).
 SOUTHERN DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : C. R. Heslop, c/o Roads Dept., Ixopo.
 Ixopo (1930). Port Shepstone.
 ZULULAND DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : P. Maxwell, Post Office, Eshowe, Natal.
 EMPANGENI (1933-1936). ESHOWE (1932). Gingindlovu. Melmoth.
 ORANGE FREE STATE, GRIMALAND WEST AND BRITISH BECHUANALAND :
Hon. Area Secretary : E. S. Adams, P.O. Box 8, Kimberley, C.P.
 Barkly West, C.P. BLOEMFONTEIN, O.F.S. (1927). Douglas. KIMBERLEY, C.P. (1930).
 Koffiesfontein, O.F.S. Vryburg, B.B. Windsorton, C.P.
 RHODESIA : *Hon. Area Sec.* : V. B. B. May, Transportation Dept., Rhodesian Rlys., Bulawayo.
 Beira (P.E.A.). BROKEN HILL (1931). Bulawayo. Gwelo. Livingstone. Marandellas. N'Dola.
 Que Que. SALISBURY (1930). UMTALI (1929).
 TRANSVAAL : *Hon. Area Secretary* : R. P. T. Anderson, 106, Fulham Road, Brixton, Johannesburg.
 EAST RAND DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : C. E. Harris, 5A, Short Street, Boksburg.
 Benoni. Boksburg. Brakpan.
 JOHANNESBURG DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : P. N. Wilson, Box 3624, Johannesburg.
 BELGRAVIA (1928). Fordsburg. JOHANNESBURG CENTRAL (1927). Kenilworth. Parkview.
 (Johannesburg). YEOVILLE (1927).
 UNATTACHED : Klerksdorp. Krugersdorp. Potchefstroom. PRETORIA (1928). Witbank. Zeerust.
 WESTERN PROVINCE : *Hon. Area Secretary* : L. C. Gow, "The Breakers," St. James, Cape Province.
 CAPE TOWN DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : C. F. Lewis, Rosebank Hall, Main Road, Rose Bank, Cape Province.
 CAPE TOWN CENTRAL (1928). CLAREMONT (1933-1936). Durbanville. False Bay. Sea Point.
 Simonstown.
 UNATTACHED : Hottentots Holland.

EAST, CENTRAL AND WEST AFRICA

EAST AFRICA :
Dar-es-Salaam : J. McQuie, c/o The Chaplaincy, Dar-es-Salaam.
Nairobi : F. W. Evans, P.O. Box 338, Nairobi, Kenya.
 CENTRAL AFRICA :
 KAMPALA (1931) : C. Lewis, P.O., Box 1, Kampala, Uganda.
 WEST AFRICA :
 Accra : The Secretary, Toc H, P.O. Box 29, Accra, Gold Coast.
 Lagos : The Secretary, Toc H, P.O. Box 852, Lagos, S. Nigeria.

MALTA, EGYPT AND PALESTINE

MALTA (1932) : Pay Captain T. Hayles, R.N. Retd., 9, Balluta Mansions, St. Julians, Malta.
Siema : C. Brownjohn, C.P.O. Writer, H.M.S. Coventry, c/o G.P.O., London.
Cairo : J. Miller, Warwick House, 44, Sharia Soliman Pasha, Cairo.
Alexandria : W. S. Hoppen, 64, Rue Ebu el Barezi, Ibrahimieh, Alexandria.
Jerusalem : A. T. Arnold, Air Headquarters, Jerusalem.

BELGIUM, FRANCE AND HOLLAND

Amsterdam : F. B. Jones, 116, Enterpestraat, Amsterdam, Holland.
Antwerp : G. Perkins, 4, Rue Arenberg, Antwerp.
BRUSSELS (1931) : G. A. Doughty, 97, Avenue Louise, Brussels.
Charleroi : A. N. Heron, 10, Rue du Cerisier, Mont-sur-Marchienne, Hainault, Belgium.
Paris : C. A. Gosling, 9, Rue Barfe, Paris, 17c.
Rotterdam : M. Cuttell, Missions to Seamen, 133, Pieter de Hoochweg, Rotterdam.

ITALY

Naples : A. C. Watkins, 47, via Marina Nuova, Naples.

Germany

Berlin Grope : Hans Buechner, 7, Friedrich Wilhelmplatz, Berlin-Friedenau.
Hamburg Grope : R. Max, Schutzenpforte 9IV, Hamburg.
Marburg Correspondent : Harro Jensen, 24, Biegenstrasse, Marburg (Lahn).
Black Forest Correspondent : Walter Richter, 18, Bismarckstrasse, Freiburg-im-Breisgau.



TOC H LEAGUE OF WOMEN HELPERS

A complete list, including Overseas Secretaries, will be found in the April and October issues of THE LOG, published by L.W.H. Headquarters.

Headquarters : 112, Chandos House, Palmer St., Victoria St., S.W.1.
Founder Pilot : Miss A. B. S. Macfie.
Hon. Treasurer : Mrs. Horne.
General Secretary : Mrs. M. E. Halliley.
Assistant General Secretary : Miss Helen Benbow.
Travelling Secretary : Miss G. Bolton.
Travelling Pilot : Miss E. C. Potter.
Nurses' Secretary : Miss Hamilton.
Secretary for Guiding Activities : Miss M. R. Stewart, Charters, Mashiters Walk, Romford, Essex.
Area Secretaries : London, South Eastern and Eastern Areas : c/o L.W.H. Headquarters.
East Midlands Area : Miss Hellin, South Lodge, Osmaston Road, Derby.
West Midlands Area : Miss F. Mason, 520, Chester Road, Erdington, Birmingham.
Lincolnshire Area : Miss Kelsey, Morton, near Gainsborough.
Yorkshire Area : Miss Thomas, 37, Spring Hill, Crookes Moor, Sheffield.
Northern Area : Mrs. Brown, Holly Mount, West Hartlepool.
North-Western Area : Mrs. Twinch, Hadleigh, Ollerbarrow Road, Hale, Cheshire.
Southern and Western Areas : c/o L.W.H. Headquarters.
Western Area : Mrs. H. Dean-Poulton, 18, Albion Street, Cheltenham, Glos.
South Wales : Mrs. Price-Hughes, 52, St. Nicholas Road, Barry, Glam.
Scotland : Miss N. T. Brown, 313, Langside Road, Glasgow, S.2.
Ireland : Miss G. Lindsay, 105, Eglantine Avenue, Belfast.
General Branch : Mrs. Horne, 34, Bolton Gardens, S.W.5.



SCHOOLS SECTION

Affiliated Schools with their Correspondents

London Area

ALLEYN'S SCHOOL. M. G. Crewe.
 BARKING ABBEY SCHOOL. E. A. Loftus (Headmaster).
 BEC SCHOOL. H. T. England.
 BECKENHAM AND PENCE COUNTY SCHOOL. H. Jones.
 CATERHAM SCHOOL. R. L. Hayward.
 CHIGWELL SCHOOL. Rev. D. Grant.
 CITY OF LONDON SCHOOL. Rev. C. Ellingham.
 DULWICH COLLEGE. L. Wilson.
 ELTHAM COLLEGE. J. E. Buchanan.
 HAMPSTEAD, HABERDASHERS' ASKE'S SCHOOL. J. F. Cooper.
 HARROW SCHOOL. D. C. Whimster.
 HIGHGATE SCHOOL. Rev. K. R. G. Hunt.
 MERCERS' SCHOOL, HOLBORN. Rev. J. Boon.
 MERCHANT TAYLORS' SCHOOL. G. Stainforth.
 MILL HILL SCHOOL. E. Taylor.
 OWEN'S SCHOOL, ISLINGTON. Rev. H. N. Asman (Headmaster).
 RUTLISH GRAMMAR SCHOOL. H. R. Dennis.
 ST. OLAVE'S SCHOOL. L. W. White.
 ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL. J. Bell (High Master).
 SELHURST GRAMMAR SCHOOL. W. H. Stanley.
 SIR WALTER ST. JOHN'S SCHOOL, BATTERSEA. T. Lawrenson.
 UNIVERSITY COLLEGE SCHOOL. R. C. Roberts.
 WESTMINSTER SCHOOL. Rev. A. G. C. Pentreath.
 WHITGIFT GRAMMAR SCHOOL. A. H. Holden.

South-Eastern Area

ARDINGLY COLLEGE. Rev. G. J. Ince.
 ASHFORD GRAMMAR SCHOOL. F. G. Summers.
 BRIGHTON COLLEGE. R. E. Lester.
 BRIGHTON GRAMMAR SCHOOL. W. W. H. Stansfield.
 CANTERBURY, KING'S SCHOOL. Rev. A. Mayne.
 CANTERBURY, ST. EDMUND'S SCHOOL. G. P. Hollingsworth.
 CANTERBURY, SIMON LANGTON SCHOOL. L. W. Myers (Headmaster).
 CHARTERHOUSE. P. C. Chapman.
 CHRIST'S HOSPITAL. W. L. Tidmarsh.
 CRANBROOK SCHOOL. Rev. B. T. Verry.
 CRANLEIGH SCHOOL. C. Crowhurst.
 DOVER COLLEGE. C. L. Evans.
 DOVER COUNTY SCHOOL. J. Slater.
 EASTBOURNE COLLEGE. G. V. Carey (Headmaster).
 EASTBOURNE GRAMMAR SCHOOL. C. J. Blackburn (Headmaster).
 EPSOM COLLEGE. J. H. Grummitt.
 FAVERSHAM GRAMMAR SCHOOL. J. C. Booth (Headmaster).
 FOLKESTONE, HARVEY GRAMMAR SCHOOL. H. G. Arnold.
 HASTINGS GRAMMAR SCHOOL.
 HERNE BAY COLLEGE. E. W. Turner (Headmaster).
 HORSHAM, COLLYER'S SCHOOL. P. A. Tharp (Headmaster).
 HURSTPIERPOINT COLLEGE. K. Mason.
 LANCING COLLEGE. Rev. J. R. Missen.
 LEATHERHEAD, ST. JOHN'S SCHOOL.
 ROCHESTER, KING'S SCHOOL. F. B. Sparshott.
 ROCHESTER, SIR J. WILLIAMSON'S MATHEMATICAL SCHOOL. E. D. Clark (Headmaster).
 ST. LAWRENCE COLLEGE. T. G. Mallinson.
 SANDWICH, SIR ROGER MANWOOD'S SCHOOL. Rev. W. Burton (Headmaster).
 SEVENOAKS GRAMMAR SCHOOL. C. G. Rich.
 STEYNING GRAMMAR SCHOOL. A. Bolton (Headmaster).
 SUTTON VALENCE SCHOOL. Rev. S. M. M. Hawkins.
 TONBRIDGE SCHOOL. Rev. S. H. Clarke (acting).
 TUNBRIDGE WELLS, THE SKINNERS' COMPANY'S SCHOOL. J. L. Fowke.
 WOKING COUNTY SECONDARY SCHOOL.

Eastern Area

ALDENHAM SCHOOL. T. D. Morris.
 BEDFORD MODERN SCHOOL. F. W. Kuhlicke.
 BEDFORD SCHOOL. J. E. Renwick.
 BERKHAMSTED SCHOOL. C. M. Cox and A. S. Wright.
 BISHOP'S STORTFORD COLLEGE. R. W. Harre.
 BURY ST. EDMUNDS, EAST ANGLIAN SCHOOL. Dr. J. W. Skinner (Headmaster).
 BURY ST. EDMUNDS, KING EDWARD VI. GRAMMAR SCHOOL. J. M. Wadmore (Headmaster).
 CAMBRIDGE, PERSE SCHOOL. H. A. Wootton (Headmaster).
 FELSTED SCHOOL. R. T. Young.
 FRAMLINGHAM COLLEGE. Cmdr. E. G. Palmer, R.N.
 GRESHAM'S SCHOOL, HOLT. H. P. Ramage.
 HAILEYBURY COLLEGE. W. A. Tregenza.
 HARPENDEN, ST. GEORGE'S SCHOOL. A. Ingham.
 IPSWICH SCHOOL. J. F. Bolland.
 LEYS SCHOOL. J. E. Mellor.
 PASTON SCHOOL, N. WALSHAM. N. S. Lachlan.
 STOWE SCHOOL. A. Macdonald.
 WATFORD GRAMMAR SCHOOL. S. H. Hughes.
 WOODBRIDGE SCHOOL. G. B. Riddell.

East Midlands and Lincolnshire Area

BRIGG GRAMMAR SCHOOL. G. R. Daughton (Headmaster).
 COALVILLE GRAMMAR SCHOOL. C. Broomhall.
 DERBY SCHOOL. J. P. York (Headmaster).
 DERBY, BEMROSE SCHOOL. H. G. Lord.
 GAINSBOROUGH GRAMMAR SCHOOL. J. H. Hewetson (Headmaster).
 GRIMSBY MUNICIPAL COLLEGE. J. Willey (Headmaster).
 KETTERING COUNTY SCHOOL. J. I. Scott (Headmaster).
 LEICESTER, ALDERMAN NEWTON'S SCHOOL. R. L. Ager (Headmaster).
 LEICESTER, WYGGESTON SCHOOL. W. C. Dunford.
 LINCOLN CITY SCHOOL. J. W. Canham.
 LINCOLN SCHOOL. E. M. Williams.
 LOUTH, KING EDWARD VI. SCHOOL. E. A. Gardiner (Headmaster).
 NORTHAMPTON TOWN AND COUNTY SCHOOL. C. A. Richmond.
 NOTTINGHAM HIGH SCHOOL. C. L. Reynolds (Headmaster).
 NOTTINGHAM, HIGH PAVEMENT SCHOOL. G. J. R. Potter (Headmaster).
 NOTTINGHAM, MUNDELLA SCHOOL. T. Broomfield.
 OUNDE SCHOOL. Rev. R. W. Stopford.
 PETERBOROUGH, DEACON'S SCHOOL. Dr. J. H. Davies (Headmaster).
 REPTON SCHOOL. H. H. Davidson.
 SCUNTHORPE GRAMMAR SCHOOL. W. A. Taylor (Headmaster).
 SLEAFORD, CARRE'S GRAMMAR SCHOOL. J. Batley.
 TRENT COLLEGE. G. F. Bell (Headmaster).
 UPPINGHAM SCHOOL. P. Pattinson.
 WELLINGBOROUGH SCHOOL. Rev. H. L. Haseler.

West Midlands Area

ATHERSTONE GRAMMAR SCHOOL. J. W. Holmes (Headmaster).
 BIRMINGHAM, KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL. J. D. Lean.
 BIRMINGHAM, KING EDWARD'S GRAMMAR SCHOOL, ASTON. F. Dawson.
 BROMSGROVE SCHOOL. E. Mashiter.
 NUNEATON, KING EDWARD VI. SCHOOL. A. S. Pratt (Headmaster).
 RUGBY SCHOOL. Rev. R. Broxton.
 SOLIHULL SCHOOL. A. R. THOMPSON (Headmaster).
 STOURBRIDGE, KING EDWARD VI. SCHOOL. J. E. Boyt (Headmaster).
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